

A
TRIP TO CALAIS;
AND THE
CAPUCHIN.

WRITTEN by Mr. FOOTE,

PUBLISHED by Mr. COLMAN.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]



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AND THE

GABUCHI M.

WATTS W. M. FOOT

THEIR HISTORY

[Price Two Shillings and Six Pence.]

A
TRIP TO CALAIS;

A COMEDY in THREE ACTS.

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN,
AND INTENDED FOR REPRESENTATION,
By the late SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

To which is annexed,

THE
CAPUCHIN;

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAYMARKET.

ALTERED FROM THE
TRIP TO CALAIS,
BY THE LATE
SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

AND NOW PUBLISHED BY

Mr. COLMAN.

LONDON,
Printed by T. Sherlock,
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MDCCLXXVIII.

TRIP TO CALAIS

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN

AND INTENDED FOR REPRESENTATION

AT THE THEATRE-FRANCAISE

IN THE YEAR 1764

BY

CHARLES NICHOLS

AND BY THE THEATRE-FRANCAISE

ON THE 15TH OF SEPTEMBER 1764

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IN THREE ACTS

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT the Publick may not be deceived, and the Reputation of the Author injured, by the publication of Pieces, fabricated in order to take an undue advantage of the general curiosity, the Comedy of **A TRIP TO CALAIS** is here printed, as originally written, and intended for representation; together with all the Alterations and Additions which the Writer thought necessary, when he afterwards produced it on the stage, under the title of **THE CAPUCHIN**.

DRAMATIS

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Colonel CROSBY.
O'DONNOVAN.
MINNIKIN.
KIT CODLING.
DICK DRUGGET.
LUKE LAPELLE.
GREGORY GINGHAM.
TROMFORT.
KIT CABLE.
LA JEUNESSE.
SERVANT.

Soldiers, Porters, Shoe-Blacks, &c.

Lady KITTY CROCODILE.
Miss LYDELL.
Mrs. MINNIKIN.
Mrs. CLACK.
JENNY MINNIKIN.
HETTY.
ABBESS.
NUN.

THE AMERICAN PERSONS

Colonel Crosby.
O'Donnovan.
Minister.
Kit (Curtis).
Mrs. Dockett.
Lester Dockett.
Gordon Givens.
Thompson.
Rt. Clark.
L. J. Johnson.
Seymour.

Soldiers, Porters, Shoeshiners, &c.

Lady Kitty Crocodine.
Miss LaBelle.
Mrs. Minnikin.
Mr. Clark.
Jenny Minnikin.
Hattie.
Anna.
Nora.

A

TRIP TO CALAIS.

A C T I.

Scene, Hotel d'Angleterre.

Enter Kit Cable, Dick Drugget, and Jenny Minnikin.

Cable.

HARKEE, messmate! look about! you had better bring-to in this creek: Here you will find the best moorings. The *Hotel d'Angleterre* they calls it in French; but you'll find the names of things plaguily transmogrified all along this coast.

Dick. They be civil people, no doubt.

Cable. Civil? ay, ay; if you will bring a good cargo of cash, you are welcome to anchor here as long as you list: But you will find the duties high at out-clearance; therefore take

B

care,

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care, d'ye see, and don't run aground. I must take t'other trip to the port, for your stowage.

[Exit.]

Dick. I hope by this time your sea-sickness is pretty well gone?

Jenny. Much mended, dear Dicky, I thank you.

Dick. Well, my dear Jenny, here we are, safely landed in the French country, however. And now, what's next to be done? Consider, my love, we have not a moment to lose; your father will not be long behind us, I am sure.

Jenny. No question of that; therefore our best way will be to get out of his power as soon as we can.

Dick. By what means?

Jenny. By the means which we came hither in search of; by being married, you know.

Dick. True: But how the deuce shall we procure a parson? Perhaps the man of the house may assist us: But, plague on't! I can't *parley Francee*; tho' I understand a few words here and there.

Jenny. But I can, Dicky, you know. What, do you think I was five years at madam Van-slopping's, the Swiss French boarding-school at Edmonton, for nothing at all?

Dick. True, true; I had forgot.—But I don't think

think it any mark of their manners, to let us wait here so long without asking us in. Here, house, house!

Jenny. Peace, Dicky! how is it possible they should know what you want?—*Maison! seignior de Terre!*

Dick. Who? what?

Jenny. *Seignior de Terre* is as much as to say Landlord in English.

Dick. True, true. Oh! here the man comes.

Enter Monsieur Tromfort.

Tromf. Monsieur! Mademoiselle!

Dick. To him, Jenny!

Jenny. *Monsieur, nos sommes Anglois, & nous avons grand occasion d'un pretre!*

Tromf. *A quoi faire?*

Jenny. *Faire? pour nous joindre lui & moi ensemble, I think.*

Dick. That is marriage, she and me: You understand me, Mounseer?

Tromf. Ah-ha! *pour le mariage! tres bien; perfectly vell, Sir.*

Dick. Gad's my life, he speaks English! how lucky we were in the choice of a house!—And what may your name be, Mounseer?

Tromf. Tromfort, at your ver good service.

Dick. Why, look'ee! Mounseer Tromfort; in

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a word, our business is this: This here young gentlewoman and I——

Jenny. Stop, Dicky, and let me explain matters to Monsieur Tromfort; because why, I speak the language, you know.

Dick. But, Miss, our landlord understands English.

Jenny. No matter; don't contradict me, Dicky; you know I could not never bear that from a child. You must know then, Monsieur, that Mr. Matthew Minnikin, my father, is one of the most respectable pin-makers in the whole city of London; and that I am his daughter.

Tromf. Ah-ha! I understand; maister Minicky, *gros marchand d'épingle? c'est tout simple.*

Jenny. And this here young man that you see, is Dicky Drugget, father's 'prentice at home.

Tromf. *Fort bien; ver vell!*

Jenny. Now, father being minded to provide me a husband, for fear I should otherwise provide one for myself——

Tromf. *Fort bien! dat vas ver vell fancy: Pardie, monsieur Minicky has great deal of wit!——*

Jenny. Yes, well enough; if so be that he had got me a man to my mind; but he was so undutiful as never to think of consulting of me.

Tromf.

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Tromf. Oh, fy, fy, Monsieur Minicky! dat was terrible ting.

Jenny. Ay, was it not, Monsieur? quite monstrous, as a body may say; and so you would own, if you was to see the creature he fix'd on: Kit Codling, a fat fishmonger, hard by the 'Change. They say the man is well enough to pass in the world; one of the livery, a pretty good speechefyer, minds his shop, and is careful and sober; but, Lord, what signifies that? he has no more idera of drefs than a Dutchman; and as to cotillions, I suppose he knows as much about them as a cow.

Tromf. Oh, fy, fy! *Mauvaise partie*, bad partie!

Jenny. And so, Dicky and I being bred up together, as it were, and being a genteelish virtuous young man——

Tromf. Ah, *vas tres gentile*.

Jenny. Yes; for except lying out all night now and then, hating to be so vulgar as to stay in the shop, frequenting the tavern in search of good company, running his father in debt for his credit, and gracing his conversation with the oaths most in fashion, I don't believe the lad has a single vice in the world.

Tromf. Dat is ver extraordinary!

Jenny. And yet you can't think what an orationing

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tioning father us'd to make every day: But, between you and I, Monsieur, father and mother are but a couple of fogrum old fools; ben't they, Dicky?

Dick. To say truth, little better, my dear.

Jenny. Why, what a noise they made about my only running from school for three or four days with Monsieur Chaffon, our *maître de dance*, just as if they thought I would never come back again; ha, ha!

Dick. To say truth, Mounseer, Miss Jenny amongst them had but a very bad time; for this I must confess to her face, she is the most best-temper'dest girl in the world; for let her but say and do what she pleases, and you will scarcely hear a cross word come out of her mouth in a month.

Tromf. *Vraiment?*

Dick. Then, to prove what a dutiful daughter she always has been, she constantly used to steal out to see Breslaw, the plays, and hear Signiora Gamberbelly at the opera, on purpose to prevent their being tired with her company at home.

Tromf. Ver considerate!

Dick. And whenever the old folks charg'd her with doing any thing wrong, she never told them a word of truth in her life.

Tromf.

Tromf. No?

Dick. No; for fear of making her parents uneasy.

Tromf. Ver aimable indeed!

Jenny. Nay, Monsieur, Dicky was always very partial to me.—And so, we taking a fancy to one another, and to prevent father from exposing himself by such a ridiculous choice as Kit Codling, we agreed to give the old ones the slip, and take a little tour to the kingdom of France.

Tromf. Bien imaginée! dat vas vell imagin!

Dick. And so, Mounseer——

Jenny. Nay, Dicky, don't interrupt me, my dear!—And so, as I was a-faying, if you can contrive to procure us a marrying doctor, for I am told there are one or two who have set up in that way in this town, we shall take it, Monsieur, as a very particular favour.

Tromf. I shall be ver happy, *tres charmée!* to be capable to serve-a you.

Jenny. Vast polite! and indeed, as I have often told Dicky, the French always are so.

Tromf. Indeed, I have great regard for de Englis; and ven dey come over, I never refuse my protection.

Jenny. Mighty civil, indeed!

Tromf. Why, every summer dere come here

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to my house a great many my lors; and I let 'em stay two, tree months, just as long as dey please.

Dick. What, for nothing, Mounseer?

Tromf. *Presque la meme chose!* almost de very same ting; dey never pay noding at all, only just for dere eating, drinking, and sleeping.

Jenny. How generous and noble!

Tromf. Yes; I always have great *penchant*, great partiality, for dose of your country. Vy, dere vas some time ago, ven my house and my good vas burn down by de fire, I never vas take noding at all from de French.

Dick. No?

Tromf. *Pas une sous;* but suffer my lors Anglois to build-a my hotel up again to dere own taste, vidout de least interruption.

Dick. How kind, to give that preference to us!

Jenny. That indeed was the very excess of good breeding!

Tromf. And ven dey bring over good many guinea, lumb'ring heavy great ting, I make de change vid de louis, dat vas so pretty, and as light as de cork.

Jenny. How disinterested!

Tromf. And as I know Messieurs les Anglois come here to improve demselves by travel in France, I advise dem always to stay here as long

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long as dey can, and never to tink of going home, till all dere monies be gone.

Dick. What a fine thing it is to get such a friend in foreign parts!

Jenny. True, Dicky. Well, but, Monsieur, do you think you can provide us with the party we want?

Tromf. *Pour la mariage?* for marry you? dere is no doubt.

Dick. But there is no time, Mounseer, to be lost, for we expect Miss's father and mother to follow us in the very first ship.

Tromf. Dere is de Doctor Coupler live just-a by, in de very next street.

Jenny. Then send for him directly.

Tromf. Very probable he is not at home at dis time.

Dick. No?

Tromf. He commonly take de opportunity of dese dark night, to step cross de Shannel, and supply his friend on t'oder side vid de brandy and tea.

Dick. Oh, what, I reckon, the Doctor smuggles a little?

Tromf. Yes, for little amusement, just *pour passer le temps*; for he is ver fond of de sea.

Dick. Will you enquire, Mounseer, if we cannot meet with the Doctor?

Tromf. *A l'instant*; dis very moment.

C

Enter

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Enter a very old Waiter.

Eh bien? La Jeunesse! vat is de matter?

La Jeu. Dere is anoder vessel from Dover, just-a put into de port.

Dick. Is there? Then ten to one your father is in her!

Tromf. Dat vill be ver *mal-à-propos*!

Dick. Hadn't I better run down to the key, and take a peep at who lands.

Tromf. By all mean; de very best dought in de vorld.

Dick. Stay you here, Miss; I will be back in a trice. *[Exit.]*

Tromf. A ver pretty gentleman, dat Maister Druggy!

Jenny. Yes, Dicky is thought very well on.

Tromf. He has ver great head; *beaucoup de politique!*

Jenny. Yes, yes; he has wit enough when he will.

Tromf. *Ma foi*, Maister Dicky be *fort*! a ver happy man, to be sure!

Jenny. How so, Monsieur Tromfort?

Tromf. How so? *pardie*, to have engage de affection of so *aimable* a Mademoiselle.

Jenny. Dear me, Monsieur, and d'ye think so?

Tromf. *Assurement.*

Jenny. Really? But you French are so given to flattery!

Tromf.

Tromf. *Point de tout*, not at all! Vill you permit-a me, Mademoiselle, just to have de honour to kiss-a your hand?

Jenny. My hand, Monsieur? what good can that do you?

Tromf. Ah! my God! how fine! vite as snow, and soft as de silk! Vat would I give to be dat dere Monsieur Dicky!

Jenny. Why, is it possible, Monsieur, that you can think me equal to your own country ladies?

Tromf. Ah, Mademoiselle, dere is no comparison at all in de world: Vat havock your charm would make in dis contry!

Jenny. I am not quite so certain of that.

Tromf. Dere is no doubt at all: *Pour la preuve*; De very first-a Frenchmans you vas see, is proud to drow himself at your feet.

Jenny. At mine? who can that be, Monsieur?

Tromf. *Votre tres humble*, Mademoiselle; it is *moi*, me myself.

Jenny. You?

Tromf. *Moi*. Permit-a me, Mademoiselle, to declare de force of my passion, dat burn my ver—

Jenny. For me? why, I have scarce been in your company a couple of minutes.

Tromf. Von instant is enough for your charm to make-a de conquest; de very first glance, your bright eyes shoot me quite to de heart. Ah!

C-2 how

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how it make-a me pat, pat, pat, pat! *Fait moi l'honneur* to place-a your hand just here a my side.

Jenny. Here is an audacious old fop! I'll try how far the impudent puppy will go.—Why, really, Monsieur, you're so amiable, and your manners so very polite, and so civil, that if it had not been for a prior engagement, I don't know but I might be tempted to listen.

Tromf. Courage, Monsieur Tromfort! Stay but littel time, Maister Dicky, begar I make you a cocu before you vas marry. [*aside.*]—Engagement! vat is dat?

Jenny. The young man you saw here but now.

Tromf. Maister Dicky; ver vell?

Jenny. We are come over hither to marry, you know.

Tromf. Vy not?

Jenny. What, and at the same time encourage another's addresses?

Tromf. To be sure. *En France*, de lady always take de husband to make sure of de lover; de one *pour la politique*, de oder for de passion.

Jenny. Ay; but what would my countrywomen say at so very quick a——

^{Tromf.}Jenny. Say? ah-ha! she begin to capitulate. [*aside.*]—Say? dat you take de ver vise step. Oh, Mademoiselle, dere be many pretty my lady who vait at my hotel for de vind, dat can tell many comic storie of Monsieur Tromfort.

Jenny.

Jenny. Oh, I don't doubt it at all!—Was there ever such an impudent coxcomb!—If one did but know, indeed, the name of some of the ladies, it would be a kind of excuse.

Tromf. *Pardonnez moi! jamais de man of honour; never tell de name of de lady. La voies!* looky here! look at dis *plumet*; dis pretty white fedder [*shews a shabby white feather*]; dis trophy of my victory I receive from de hand of de pretty my lady.

Jenny. That indeed is a proof; and yet, Monsieur, it is a sort of wonder too, for you are not over young, nor, between ourselves, remarkably handsome; and besides all that, you have but one eye.

Tromf. Dat is true; but den consider, Mademoiselle, dat de little god Cupid has got never a vone.

Jenny. Right; and I believe the lady must have been near as blind as the god.

Tromf. Not at all. But, *ma chere* Mademoiselle, we lose time; and Maister Dicky may come back from de port. Dere is, in dis littel room, de ver pritt picter, which permit-a me to have de honour to shew you.

Jenny. Nay, but, Monsieur——

Tromf. Dere must be a littel compulsion to make de lady do vat she like [*pulls her.*] *Venez ma!*

Jenny.

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Jenny. Hands off, you insolent ruffian!

[*Strikes him.*]

Tromf. *Diable!*

Jenny. The vanity and impudence of this fellow exceeds all the accounts I have heard of his country.

Tromf. By gar, for de soft hand, it is de most hard I ever vas feel!

Jenny. Not half so much as you merit. A pretty account you give of the English; and a fine return for all the favours you have received at their hands!

Tromf. *Pardie, c'est une espèce de virago.—Mais, Mademoiselle!*

Jenny. However, the gentleman will soon be back, and return you thanks for this piece of civility.

Tromf. *Mais, Mademoiselle, you vas know de mode of dis country, de littel gallantry to de pretty fine vomans.*

Jenny. Gallantry! what, from a fellow like you, a pitiful publican?

Tromf. *Diable!* publican? dat be good enough for de maker of pin.

Jenny. Here he comes.

Enter Dick Drugget.

Dick. Zounds, Miss, here they all be!

Jenny.

Jenny. All! who?

Dick. Father, mother, and your aunt Clack, the milliner from out of Pall-Mall.—But, you seem flurried; there has nothing happened, I hope?

Jenny. Happened? that saucy Frenchman has taken such liberties!

Dicky. How!—Zounds, Sir, how dare you—

Tromf. Monsieur Dicky—

Jenny. Nay, the fellow is only fit to be laughed at: Besides, at present we want him.—Harkee, Monsieur, if you wish to have your folly forgot, and not be exposed, as you richly deserve, you must immediately lend your assistance.

Tromf. *Vid plaisir.*

Jenny. Where can I conceal myself from my angry relations?

Tromf. Dere is but littel time for to tink. Ah-ha! I have it. I vill dis instant put you into de *couvent*, vere my sifter is nun.

Jenny. But they will soon find me out, and force me from them.

Tromf. You must pretend to have de grand inclination to become de bon catolick.

Jenny. And will that do?

Tromf. Never fear! *Mademoiselle est bien riche;* and de French priest never give up de convert ven she have got great deal of guinée, *jamais.*

Jenny.

Jenny.

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Jenny. In the mean time, what is to become of my friend?

Tromf. De best way for Maister Dicky is to take de littel trip to Dunkirk or Boulogne, 'till matters be settle.

Jenny. May I venture, Monsieur, to trust myself in your hands?

Tromf. By gar, Mademoiselle, dere is more danger from your hand dan from mine!

Jenny. We English, Monsieur, are an odd sort of people; it is near as dangerous to provoke our women as men.

Tromf. By gar, I believe so. No, no; *l'affair est faite*; I have done.—*Ma femme*, my littel wife, shall conduct Mademoiselle—*La Jeunesse*! [*Calls.*]

Enter La Jeunesse.

La Jeu. Monsieur?

Tromf. Go to my vife; tell her to take Mademoiselle to de *courvent*, and leave her dere vid my sifter. After dinner, I vill bring you de news to de grate.

Jenny. Well, Dicky, adieu! expect to hear from me soon.

Dick. Be as quick as you will, I shall think it an age. Dearest Jenny, farewell! [*Exit.*]

Tromf. *Jusque à revoir*, Mademoiselle!

Jenny. Servant, Monsieur Tromfort!

Tromf.

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Tromf. *Ma foi*, Mademoiselle be a great littel fool, to prefer Monsieur Dicky to such anoder as me. By gar, de Englis voman have no judgment at all! she vill repent by-and-by; more pity for she!—*La Jeunesse*!

Enter La Jeunesse.

Have you sent dose bag of guinea to Dunkirk, to be melt?

La Jeu. *Oui, Monsieur.*

Tromf. Ver vell. [*Exit La Jeunesse.*]*—Après tout* Messieurs *l'Anglois*, all de Englis people, be ver great fool, to come here, spend dere money, in searsh after vat dey never will find! to shange dere roasta beef and pudding, for our rotten ragout; see de comedy, de play, dey don't comprehend; talk vid de people dey don't underst and; *tant mieux!* so much de better! In ver few year, I shut up my hotel, set up my coach, my carosse, and call myself monsieur le marquis de Guinea, in compliment to Messieurs *l'Anglois*; ver pritt title, by gar! ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Enter La Jeunesse, Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, Mrs. Clack, and Kit Codling.

Mrs. Min. This unnatural hussy, to run thus

D

away

away from her parents! and into foreign parts, as they say, amongst Pagans and Papists, and a parcel of—And here we have been tofs'd and tumbled about, that I don't know whether I stand upon my head or my heels.

Min. And then that lanthorn-jaw'd hound at the gate, to seize my tobacco-box! and I'll be sworn there was not a couple of pipe-fulls.

Mrs. Min. Ay, ay, poor toads, they are glad to get hold of any thing they can get. Well, if I once more set sight of old Powl's, if ever they get me below Bridge again, unless a-pleasuring, perhaps, during the summer, in a hoy to Margate—Pray, son Codling, how long were we in sailing over the sea?

Codl. I can tell you, madam Minnikin, exact to a minute; because why, I have promis'd neighbour Index, the printer, to make observations on all the strange things that I see, that he may print them next time, 'long with his Six Weeks Tour to the Continent. Let's see; here is my Journal: [*reads*] “June the 10th, embarked at seven in the morning, at Dover,
“aboard the Mercury, vind South and by East;
“nine o'clock, vind weer a little to the Vest;
“shell'd half a bushel of peas; eleven o'clock,
“vind ditto, eat ditto; twelve and half, pluck'd
“a couple

“ a couple of fowls; very odd to see how the
 “ vind blew the feathers about; *nota bene*, fea-
 “ thers will swim in the salt sea.”

Min. Vast curious observations, indeed!

Mrs. Min. Nay, I always said, son Codling had a good head of his own. Why, Matthew Minnikin, if he goes on but as he begun, I don't know but his'n may be as useful as many of the Voyages that have been printed of late.

Min. Ay, Margery, if he could but get some strange beastesses, or carry home a foreign savage or two, for a show.

Mrs. Min. But go on, son Codling, I beg!

Codl. “ Two o'clock, road beginning to be
 “ consumedly rough, was so much jolted, that
 “ I could not write any more.”

Mrs. Min. Write? I'm sure I was not able to stand; so they popp'd me into a hole in the wall, I think they call'd it a *cabin*; Lord bless us, 'twas more liker a coffin!

Clack. The sea has been rather rumbustious, I own; but then, sister, the land makes us ample amends.

Mrs. Min. Amends! in what way?

Clack. Bless me, sister, how can you ask? I profess I feel myself quite a different person: The people here are all so gay, and well-bred! Did not you observe, when I accidentally

D 2 sneez'd,

fneez'd, how politely all the people pull'd off their hats?

Mrs. Min. Pshaw! what signifies their grins and grimaces, their serapes and congees? do you, sister, seriously think, that the French folks are more cleverer than we?

Clack. Ridiculous! is there a mortal can doubt it? Why, without their assistance, how should we be able to dress ourselves, or our victuals? And then, as to cleverness, did you observe those little children, as we came up from the key?

Mrs. Min. Yes; and to my thinking, I never saw such a parcel of brown brats in my life.

Clack. I declare I was asham'd, quite blush'd for my country, to hear mere infants, quite babies, as I may say, sputter French, more freer and glibber than your daughter Jane, who has had a French master these five years.

Mrs. Min. That's true, I must own; but then I don't find that they be more cuter to get our lingo, than we to learn theirs.

Clack. Because why, they think it beneath them.

Mrs. Min. Who the deuce be all these?

Enter several Porters with small parcels.

La Jeu. De porter from de custom-house, along vid your baggage.

Cool.

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Codl. Baggage? zooks, any one of these might have carried it all.

Clack. Ay! there, there, brother, you have another proof of their breeding; all of them eager to be useful to strangers.

Min. Yes, pox take them, in hopes, I suppose, of being handsomely paid.—Well, Monfieurs, how much are you to have?

Clack. Fy, Mr. Minnikin! don't expose your meanness, the moment you are landed.—Monsieur, you will satisfy these gentlemen for the trouble they have taken. And, Mr. Codling, do try and get us a good room, if you can.

La Feu. Venez ici!

[Exeunt Porters, bowing and scraping.]

Min. Hey-day! who the deuce have we here?

Mrs. Min. As I live, a couple of shoe-blacks, with muffs and bag-wigs!

Enter Shoe-blacks, who bow with great ceremony, and take snuff.

Min. There, there, Margery! dost thou see? mark their smirking, bowing and sneezing!

Clack. Ay, sister Minnikin, there! you see how courteous and civil the very lowest people are here: Shew me a shopkeeper, in
your

your whole ward, that can do his honours so well! See how politely they offer their snuff to each other; and look! if the sweet little creatures are not set down to cards on their stools!

Min. Yes, yes; I see well enough.

Clack. Not like our vulgar fellows, at Putt or All-fours, but a party at Piquet, I'll be sworn!

Enter La Jeunesse, Luke Lapelle, and Gregory Gingham.

La Feu. Dis vay, my lor! one, two, dree step; take care-a, my lor!

Mrs. Min. Bless me, my dear, if here a'n't Mr. Lappelle, from Bond-Street! and neighbour Gingham, as sure as a gun! fresh from Paris, I warrant.

Min. Well met, neighbour Gingham! What, you've been fetching home fashions, I reckon?

Ging. Hush, Master Minnikin! there is no need to make proclamation in foreign parts, of what business we be.

Clack. Brother Minnikin's tongue will now-and-then run too fast for his wit.

Min. Nay, I said nothing, I am sure.

Lap. Excuse moi, Monsieur Minnikin! you mentioned

mentioned fetching of fashions; and that, as the French say, was *tanlaramount* to calling us tailors.

Clack. The very same thing.

Min. Why, sure, Gregory Gingham, thee be'st not ashamed of thy calling, be'st?

Ging. That is another man's matter, you knows: How is it our fault, (d'ye mind me?) if the French folks will take us for lords? They saw something in us that was above the vulgar, I reckon.

Mrs. Min. Nay, for the matter of that, Matthew, it is at worst but being quit with Mounseer; for, I'll be sworn, there are many of their Counts and Marquisses that comes over to us, (aye, and are received by the best quality too, at their tables) who, if the truth was known, are little better than tailors at home.

Codl. Right! well said, Madam Minnikin! With this odds in their favour, (plague take 'em!) that them there fellows make a good hand and profit by their pride and presumption; whilst our foolish folks are forced to pay pretty high fees for their titles. I reckon, your *lordships* were swingingly sous'd on the road?

Ging. To say truth, the bills did mount pretty high,

high, and we did not chuse to chaffer with them, because why, we wa'n't willing to bring a disgrace on our dignity.

Clack. Wisely done, for the honour of England !

Codl. Honour ? I can't say that ever I heard that Old England received much honour from tailors ; unless, indeed, when they lifted in Elliot's Light-horse.

Lap. That may be the case, Master Minnikin, with those of the trade who live in the city ; but I would have you to know, the knights of the needle are another sort of people at our end of the town.

Clack. Doubtless.

Lap. It is not in the fashions only that we take the lead ; we rule likewise over the *Belles Lettres*, as the French call them.

Min. How ?

Lap. Give laws to the drama ; damn a play when we please ; or hiss an actor off the stage, when we take a dislike to the rascal.

Codl. Ay ? it is the first I ever heard of a tailor's goose hissing !

Lap. Yes, yes ; why, I myself, at the head of my journeymen, have more than once played the part of THE PUBLICK.

Min. You surprize me !

Lap.

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Lap. And am known, at all our houses of call, by the name of *Tom Town*.

Clack. Mr. Lapelle, you are but losing your labour: Honest good sort of people enough; but mere cits, quite ignorant of what is going on in the world!

Lap. Yes, yes, they look of that cut; not of the right stuff, as the French say, to make *bucks desprits* on.

Clack. And pray what news is stirring in Paris?

Lap. *Tojourns* gay, as the French say, Mrs. Clack.

Mrs. Min. I reckon there be powers of our country folks there.

Lap. I suppose so; for I saw a good many aukward people, as they say, *à la comedy*, and at the *Colossus*; but I chose to avoid them.

Mrs. Min. And why so?

Codl. I reckon there were some of his masters amongst them; and it would not have been decent to be too forward, for a tradesman, like he.

Lap. *Pardonnez moi!* that was not it; it is always the rule with me, when I travels, to avoid *les Anglois*, as the French say, the English, as much as I can.

Codl. I reckon the French, as they don't know his trade, are more politer and civil.

Lap. No; there's a roughness, a *bourgoisy*,
E about

about our barbarians, that is not at all to my taste; not a bit, as the French say, to my *gout*.

Clack. I don't wonder at it. I hope you left the royal family all in good health.

Lap. Yes; Mr. *le Roi*, as the French say, looked pretty jolly; and I was at his grand *couvert*, and *cowshee* a-Sunday: His majesty looked at me very hard.

Clack. Indeed?

Mrs. Min. Ay; wondering, I suppose, how such a one as he could contrive to get in.

Lap. This relation of yours, Mrs. Clack, is but a low kind of a body.—No, no, Mrs. Minikin; his majesty and I have been acquainted; many a time and oft have I been at court, when he was only the *dolphin*.

Clack. Pray, how long, Mr. Lapelle, was you coming from Paris?

Lap. Two days and a night.

Clack. Are the accommodations good upon the road?

Lap. Their horses, their *chevauxes*, as the French call them, are not quite so nimble as our'n; but then, to make amends, like the French, I *courier* the post, without stopping; unless, perhaps, to take a slight *repas* of a bit of *jambun*, or a *hamlet*.

Min. But how do you like your jaunt,
neighbour

neighbour Gingham? You are rather silent, I think.

Lap. This, you know, is only Gingham's first trip: Besides, to like Paris, a man must *parle vous* in perfection; speak their *lingor* perfectly well.

Ging. For the matter of that, master Lapelle, the postilions did not seem to take very readily all that you said on the road.

Lap. Them there fellows! how should they? mere country bumpkins! little better, as we say in French, than a parcel of *pheasants*!

Clack. Ay, hogs, I suppose, like our own.

Lap. True, Mrs. Clack; quite *cowchans*, as we say.

Mrs. Min. Have they pretty good victuals in these parts, neighbour Gingham?

Ging. Victuals? soup, that tasted as if wrung from a dish-clout, and rags stewed in vinegar, are all the victuals I have seen.

Lap. Ah! poor Gingham has a true English stomach; nothing will do but substantials; he has no taste for *ragoutes*, *intermeats*, and *rottis*.

Ging. Nay, you know, at the last town, my wife fished out a large piece of blue apron, upon the top of her fork.

Mrs. Min. What! did Mrs. Gingham come with you?

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Ging. Yes; and is about as well pleased as myself.

Mrs. Min. Where is she?

Ging. In a room hard-by, with Mrs. Lapelle.

Lap. How often have I cautioned you not to give her that name here in France? suppose any of the people should hear you!

Clack. What, then, I suppose it is not Mrs. Lapelle, that is, your real wife, that is with you?

Lap. Yes, yes; but you know nothing can be so vulgar in France, as voyaging about with one's wife; so I make her pass for my mistress, and always calls her *Mademoiselle*.

Clack. And she fares never the worse, I'll be sworn.

Lap. *Au contraire*, as they say; besides, it is the onliest method to keep her to one's self.

Mrs. Min. How so?

Lap. No Frenchman scruples to make love to a wife; because why, 'tis not the fashion for the husband to care a farthing about her; but to seduce a man's mistress, that he is imagined to love, is a crime that is never forgiven.

Clack. Lord, Mr. Lapelle, we are like the French in a great many things.

Lap. Yes, we endeavour; and, to say truth, improve every day in our morals.

Clack. But mayn't we join the ladies within?

Lap.

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Lap. By all means—but mind the caution I gave!—Yes; Mademoiselle and I by accident picked up Gingham and wife. We met them in the *Fauxbourg* of *St. German*; and as we were to set out about the same time, we thought it would be, as the French say, for us four to come to Calais together, an agreeable *tête-à-tête* on the road.

Clack. Well, I should like vastly to see Paris before my return; but the journey is so very expensive! cost a world of money, no doubt?

Lap. Why, as I know how to manage, not altogether so much: It is true, we paid our bills like lords, on the road; but it shall go hard, Mrs. Clack, if I don't make the real lords refund, when I send in their bills.

Clack. All the reason in life.

Lap. This, with a good cargo of lace conveyed by Mademoiselle, and some rich suits that I know how to smuggle safely to Dover, will, I should think, carry me scot-free to Bond-Street.—But, pray, what brings all your family?

Clack. We will inform you within.

Lap. Gingham, you will escort Mrs. Minnikin? Mrs. Clack, as the French say, will you accept of my *brass*? [Exeunt, with ceremony.

A C T

A C T II.

A French Apartment.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin and Mrs. Clack.

Mrs. Minnikin.

TELL you, Matthew, it is all a purtence, merely to keep out of our hands ! Why, what should she do in a convent ?

Min. Mayhap, Margery, she may take it in her head to turn nun.

Mrs. Min. Lord, Matthew, how can'tt think of any such a thing ? She nun ! no, no ; she's more likely by half to bring people into the world, than to take any one out on't. What say you, sister Clack ?

Clack. I am pretty much of your mind, I must confess ; but we shall know more of the matter when Kit Codling comes back.

Min. D'ye think they'll permit'n to see her ?

Mrs. Min. That, I suppose, will depend on herself. Oh, here comes Mr. Codling.

Enter Codling.

Well, son, what news from the runagate ? have you seen her ?

Codl.

Codl. Not I: They first shew'd me up to a room with iron rails at one end, like a begging-grate; and upon ringing the bell, there popped out of t'other side the bars an old gentlewoman, drest in a blanket, with a black handkerchief over her head.

Mrs. Min. Yes; I have heard the Papishes have such dresses amongst them: Who was she?

Codl. I took her to be one of the clargywomen that belong to the place. I asked, if they had veigled one Miss Minnikin into their clutches, in hopes to make her a Papish: At the word *veigled*, the old woman turn'd up the whites of her eyes, and with her hands cross her stomach, like a child that is saying her catechise, made a jaculation; I fancy, in the outlandish tongue; upon which, I told her to let me have none on her hypocrisy canting, but to answer direct to my questions.

Clack. How rude! it was lucky she did not understand you.

Codl. Understand me? yes, as well as you do: Pho, mun, they be all Englishwomen that be locked up in that church. She owned that Miss Jenny was there.

Mrs. Min. She did?

Codl. Then I asked if I could not change a few words with her, by way of a little discourse; they

they said no, because why, Miss was out of order at present.

Min. A pretence; nothing else.

Codl. So I reckon. Then I desired the gentlewoman to open the hatch, and let me in doors to see her, for I had a word or two for her private ear from her parents; upon that, the old goffop set up such a grumbling, called me profligate harrytick, and wondered I could be so empiety to think they ever suffered a man to enter their doors; 'pon that, I told her, that if none of her complishes were more handsome than she, ecod they might open their doors without any great danger; ha, ha! this made the old one as mad as the deuce!

Clack. I tould you what would happen, if you sent such a rough creature as he.

Codl. No; we grew more milder at last; and she offer'd to shew her, if her father and mother would come.

Mrs. Min. Then, Matthew, let us go to her this instant! Son Codling will shew us the way.

Codl. For the matter of that, I don't believe you will speed much better than me.

Clack. And why not?

Codl. When I ask'd her, if as how she thought Jenny had ferusly a mind to turn to their way, she said she didn't make the least doubt on't; for

for that Miss had all the true outward and visible signs of an inward vacation.

Mrs. Min. Who have we here?

Enter Father O'Donnovan, a Capuchin.

Codl. I don't know; a mountebank, I reckon; or mayhap a man that shews sleight of hand.

O'Don. Save you, good jontlemen!

Mrs. Min. No, no; it is an Englishman, I know by his tongue.—Well, friend, who and what are you?

O'Don. Plaife you, I am a poor Capuchin, that belongs to this convent here in the town.

Codl. Capuchin? and pray, honest friend, what trade is that in the French?

O'Don. Trade! the devil a bit of a trade that it is: By my shoul, if I had a mind to be of a trade, do you think I would have quitted my haymaking in England?

Mrs. Min. What is it, then, that you follow?

O'Don. It is a kind of profession, my dear.

Mrs. Min. A profession!

O'Don. Ay; we makes professions of poverty, that we may be sure to want for nothing as long as we live.

Codl. And how do you get what you want?

O'Don. By asking it from those that can give it.

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Codl. Godso! then you are a beggar, I fancy.

O'Don. Who? a beggar? what the devil put that in your head?

Mrs. Min. What d'ye call yourself else?

O'Don. I am only a mendicant, honey.

Codl. I wonders you prefer so idle a life.

O'Don. And why so? d'ye think that I would not rather that other people should work for me, than work for myself? not that I should mind working neither, but only becaase it is so very laborious.

Mrs. Min. And are folks now very charitable in this here part of the world?

O'Don. Charitable! the devil of any charity's in it: It is, honey, a Christian kind of a bargain, struck up among us, I think.

Clack. A bargain?

O'Don. Ay; whilst they work for us, we pray for them; they take care of our bodies, and, in return, my dear, we take care of their shouls.

Codl. Souls! never stir, father, if this ben't one of their friars!

Mrs. Min. Sure as can be, son Codling has hit it. Who can tell, husband, as he is our countryman, and one of the gang, but, for a little spill of money, he may put us in a way to get our daughter out of their clutches?

Min.

Min. It is but trying, however.

Mrs. Min. And pray, good Sir, by what name may we call you?

O'Don. Father O'Donnovan, at your humble service.

Mrs. Min. Will you do us the favour to step a little this way?—Son Codling, have a look-out, that we ben't interrupted.—Why, you must know, that a daughter of ours has run away from her friends, and *voluns, noluns*, taken shelter here in a cloister.

O'Don. Run away from her friends? By my shoul, that was very foolishly done!

Mrs. Min. Now if you could put us in a way, by hook or by crook, to get her out of the convent——

O'Don. Me? what, me? to get a parson out of a convent?

Mrs. Min. If you would be so kind to assist——

O'Don. Fy! consider, woman, what you are asking.

Min. Nay, Sir!

O'Don. Upon my conscience, here is one of the most blackest conspiracies broke out against Popery, since gunpowder-treason.

Mrs. Min. Patience, sweet Sir!

O'Don. To tempt one of my order to be guilty of sacredness!

Mrs. Min. Indeed, good Sir, I had no such thing in my head.

O'Don. Pace, woman! What is it better than sacredness, to break into a convent, and take any cratur out by compulsion?

Mrs. Min. But, Sir——

O'Don. I tell you, even to force a young woman from thence, that is willing to lave it, is one of the biggest robberies that can be committed.

Mrs. Min. My dear——

O'Don. And, to extenuate the matter, here is a dutiful poor young body, that flies from her parents, and takes refuge in the arms of the church——

Mrs. Min. Hear me a word, reverend Sir!

O'Don. We shall see what the Commandant will say to this business! Take my word for it, my friends, you will be all saaz'd in an instant, and locked up in prison aboard the gallies for the rest of your lives.

Mrs. Min. Mercy on us!—Sister Clack, try if you can't mollify his choler a little, or we shall be clap'd up in the quistion directly.

Clack. Can you, reverend Sir, be so cruel to your country-folks here——

O'Don. Pace, woman!

Clack. Indeed they had no bad intentions; they only wanted to ask your reverence's
advice,

advice, and meant to leave a small sum in your hands——

O'Don. Sum? do you main to insult me? Don't you know, woman, that we must never touch money?

Clack. To bestow upon poor objects that want it; but, if so be your reverence is forbidden to touch it, why, to be sure, we won't dare to——

O'Don. Why, lookee, mistrefs; to handle money is against the rules of our order, which we dare not break through: If, indeed, it was put into a purse, why, there would be no occasion, d'ye see, for me to touch it.

Clack. Brother Minnikin, have you ever a purse?

Mrs. Min. Here, here is mine, sister Clack.

O'Don. Why, as you saam to be well-disposed people, and only want a little wholesome advice; why, that, d'ye see, may alter the case.

Mrs. Min. Nothing else, indeed, reverend Sir.

O'Don. Why, d'ye mind me, it would not be dacent for me to stir in this matter; becaase why, as we are monks, you know, it is our duty to bring over and pervert as many shouls as we can.

Mrs. Min. True, reverend Sir; but there is
nothing

nothing of that in the matter; the girl, Heaven knows, has no more mind to be preverted than any of us.

O'Don. How! more shame for her! but may I belave you?

Mrs. Min. All a pretence, nothing else; she is run away with an idle 'prentice of ours, to avoid that young man there before you.

O'Don. Have you brought with you no letters of recommendation to any strangers of your acquaintance, that live in this town?

Mrs. Min. We know no mortal; we have not been landed an hour.

O'Don. Becaase a little interest in this case would go a great way; not but there are some of our own country folks, that live here in great credit: Perhaps you may have known them at home.

Mrs. Min. Does your reverence remember their names?

O'Don. There is Mr. Mac-Rappum, that lives in the Square, one of the best-natured cratur's alive: He got the jail-distemper, by attending his own trial at the Old-Bailey.

Mrs. Min. Poor gentleman!

O'Don. So the judge advised him to try for seven years the air of America.

Mrs. Min. And did he reap any benefit?

O'Don.

O'Don. He has put off the jaunt for awhile.

Mrs. Min. Why so?

O'Don. I don't know; they talk that that place is all in combustion at present; so being a peaceable man, he chose to be set down here in his way.

Mrs. Min. Dost know him, Matthew?

Min. Not I.

O'Don. Then there is one 'Squire Copywell, that is but lately come over; a very facetious, humourfome man: He laid a bet with a friend of his, out of fun, that he would draw a bill in the hand-writing of Sir Timothy Tradewell, so like that the banker should pay it without hesitation.

Mrs. Min. And did he?

O'Don. You may say that: But, when they come to find out the mistake, the banker, being a crusty dull fellow, and not understanding a joke, talked of going to law with the 'squire.

Mrs. Min. Lord bless us! how could they—

O'Don. Nay, I don't know, my shoul; then there English have some strange maxims amongst them; so the 'squire, not caring to throw away his money to lawyers, chose to come and live here, rather than make any more words of the matter.

Clack.

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Clack. I'd have done the very same thing, had I been the 'squire.

O'Don. Nay, for the matter of that, you have no more manners than morality among you in England.

Mrs. Min. How, reverend Sir! I thought we was remarkable for——

O'Don. Pace, woman, and hold your pallaver! Was there ever such ill breeding as Lord Constant's to Sir Henry Hornbeam, that lives hard-by here at Ardres.

Clack. Indeed, I never heard nothing about it.

O'Don. My lord was obligated to go about his affairs into the North for a month, and left his disconsolate lady behind him in London.

Mrs. Min. Poor gentlewoman!

O'Don. Upon which, his friend Sir Henry used to go and stay there all the day, to amuse and divert her.

Mrs. Min. How good-natured that was in Sir Henry!

O'Don. Nay, he carried his friendship much further than that; for my lady, as there was many highwaymen and footpads about, was afraid that some of them would break into the house, and so desired Sir Henry to lie there every night.

Mrs. Min. Good soul! and he did, I dare say?

O'Don.

O'Don. To be sure: There is not a more politer man in the world. So, hearing in the middle of the night a little noise below stairs, he run'd down to see what was the matter; finding all safe, in coming up again, he chanced to make a little mistake.

Mrs. Min. How so?

O'Don. Instead of going to his own bed, he stepped into my lady's.

Clack. That might happen very well, in the dark.

O'Don. And there falling asleep, never once found out his mistake 'till the maid came up in the morning.

Clack. He must have been vastly surprized, to be sure.

Mrs. Min. And, I warrant me, so was my lady.

O'Don. Without doubt. But now comes the upshot of all: I reckon, you suppose my lord thought himself much obliged to Sir Henry?

Clack. To be sure.

O'Don. Not he, by my shoul! nay, more worser than that, he had the ill manners to bring an action against him.

Clack. What, after Sir Harry had told him the story?

O'Don. Ay, and my lady likewise; so it must be

G

true,

true, as you know, becaase why, they could not both be mistaken.

Clack. There was no danger of that.

O'Don. So, Sir Harry, not chusing to live any longer amongst such under-bred people, has settled here for his life.

Clack. Why, as there is so much good company, it must be vast agreeable living here, I should think.

O'Don. You may say that; and indeed this place is so pleasant, that every day one ingenious parson or other comes over to live. Upon my shoul, among ourselves, I belave the folks on your side the water begin to grow a little iealous.

Clack. No wonder.

O'Don. Infomuch, that they have made application to the magistrates here to send some of them forcibly back.

Mrs. Min. But I dare say the French were more politer than that.

O'Don. To be sure. Indeed, out of compassion, they have compelled three or four that were poor to return; becaase why, it couldn't be very agreeable to them, you know, to live here without money.

Mrs. Min. To be sure.

O'Don.

O'Don. And then, the English, are indulged in the free exercise of their religion.

Mrs. Min. Oh, then they go to church?

O'Don. No, no; if they find 'em preaching or praying, they hang up the minister, and send the congregation all to the gallies.

Mrs. Min. Dost hear that, Matthew Minikin?

O'Don. So now, as I was a-telling, if you can get any frind to speak to the——Boo-boo-boo! upon my shoul, I had like to have forgot the most materialist parson of all: Does any of you know Lady Kitty Crocodile?

Clack. Lady Kitty! nobody better; I have had the honour of working for her ladyship this many years.

O'Don. Then your business will be done in a trice. Between ourselves, the ladies always rule the roast in this part of the world.

Clack. I dare believe her ladyship will be very willing to serve us.

O'Don. I don't doubt it at all; she is one of the most worthiest women alive: She couldn't bear to stay in England after the death of her husband, every thing there put her so much in mind of her loss. Why, if she met by accident with one of his boots, it always set her a-crying; indeed, the poor gentlewoman was a perfect Niobe.

Clack. Indeed, I found her ladyship in a very incontionable way, when I waited on her upon the mournful occasion. Indeed, she was rather more chearful when she tried on her weeds; and no wonder, for it is a dress vastly becoming, especially to people inclined to be fat. But I was in hopes, by this time she had got over her griefs.

O'Don. Not at all, indeed. Indeed, with the French she is fasatious and pleasant enough; but she no sooner sets sight on any thing English, than the tears burst out like a whirlwind.

Clack. Then, if we can do without it, we won't trouble her ladyship.

Mrs. Min. True; we will first try, sister, what we can do at the convent.

O'Don. By all means: And, d'ye hear, you need not mention any thing about the purse; you understand me?

Clack. Oh, father, you need not fear us.

O'Don. Nay, it is not for that; but becaase one's charity, you know, should be private; and therefore, to devulge it would take away most of the merit. [Exit.

Clack. True, true. What's next to be done?

Mrs. Min. Why, we had best go after the wench to the convent.

Clack.

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Clack. But take care what you say! you see what a hobble we had like to have got into.

Mrs. Min. Never you fear; I warrant, I know how to behave myself. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene, a Convent.

Enter Abbess and Jenny.

Abbess. Only, daughter, consider to what temptation you are exposed in the world.

Jenny. The more merit, mother, then in me, to resist them.

Abbess. Attacked by enemies from every quarter.

Jenny. I am a girl of spirit, mother, and am determined to face them.

Abbess. But they will be too powerful, child, for you to resist.

Jenny. Then, like abler officers, I must surrender. I suppose there will be no danger of their refusing me quarter.

Abbess. Daughter, daughter, I am afraid your affections are carnal.

Jenny. Mother, mother, they are like other girls of my age.

Abbess. Why won't you accept a spiritual spouse?

Jenny.

Jenny. Because I have found one of flesh and blood much more to my mind.

Abbeſs. Conſider, that is a union that will continue for ever.

Jenny. And do you call that a recommendation, good mother?

Abbeſs. The other, child, muſt be finally diſſolved by death.

Jenny. Like many of my countrywomen, perhaps, I mayn't have patience to tarry altogether ſo long. But come, mother, I can, I believe, give good gueſs at your meaning: You have a notion that I ſhould bring a pretty good fortune to this ſpouſe of your recommendation?

Abbeſs. True, daughter.

Jenny. To which, as I never heard of any children produced by this unaccountable union, you will ſucceed? Now I muſt tell you, I ha'n't a farthing of fortune.

Abbeſs. Daughter?

Jenny. I am entirely dependant upon father, who, I am poſitively ſure, won't part with a farthing to you. He give any thing to your church, as you call it? why, he's never ſo happy as when he can rob our own vicar at home of his dues.

Abbeſs. What, daughter, have you no ſeparate portion?

Jenny.

Jenny. Not a doit.

Abbeſs. And your father ſo fixed an heretic as you have deſcribed him?

Jenny. Hates a Papish worſer than poiſon.

Abbeſs. Well, child, as I find you have no immediate call to the veil, I ſhall at this time preſs it no further: Your beſt way will, I think, be to return to your father.

Jenny. Not quite ſo ſoon, if you pleaſe. I have told you what induced me to leave him; now, if you will ſcreen me from his purſuit, 'till I can otherwiſe diſpoſe of myſelf, tho' I am not rich, I have a few guineas here that will thank you.

Abbeſs. Why, as the compelling a daughter to marry is a profanation of one of our ſacraments, I am bound in duty, if I can, to prevent it.

Jenny. Is it? gad, I like that part of your creed well enough.

Enter a Nun.

Nun. The father and mother of that amiable child are now at the grate.

Jenny. Lord, good mother, what ſhall I do?

Abbeſs. Let them know, ſhe ſhall attend them directly. *[Exit Nun.]*

Jenny. How, mother!

Abbeſs.

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Abbess. Fear nothing! if they insist on the taking you hence, urge an affection you feel for our faith, and that you wish to wait here for our ghostly instructions; in such a case, this is a secure sanctuary from the secular arm.

Jenny. I understand you, good mother. [*Exe.*]

Scene, the Grate.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, Mrs. Clack, and Codling.

Min. This jade is the plague of our lives!

Mrs. Min. Peace, Matthew! by rough means we shall gain nothing, I am sure; let us try what a little mollification will do. Son Codling, keep out of sight, if you please.

Enter the Abbess and Jenny.

Abbess. This, I presume, is the person you want.

Mrs. Min. Yes, Mistress, this is the party, indeed.—So, Jenny, how could you be so naughty, child, to run away from your father and me?

Min. Yes, and to consort with a parcel of Pap—

Mrs. Min. Peace, Matthew! there be good and bad of all sorts, as they say.

Min.

Min. True; and I warrant her she'll make choice of the worst.

Mrs. Min. Well, but, come, Matthew, it is never too late to repent.

Clack. True, sister; and I dare say, my niece is ready to return back with us, and will do every thing we can desire her.

Fenny. I am sensible of the respect and duty I owe to my parents——

Mrs. Min. Very well said, child! it is a long lane that has no turning.

Fenny. And shall always be ready to obey their commands.

Min. Do you hear, Mistress? then open the doors, and let her come out.

Fenny. Pardon me, Sir; that cannot be.

Min. Why not?

Fenny. Because a much more important duty detains me.

Min. And pray what pretty duty may that be?

Fenny. This pious and reverend lady will tell you.

Min. Come, mistress, let us have it then.

Abbess. Your daughter, son, by a miraculous operation, has had her eyes opened to the perilous paths in which she was straying.

Min. Yes, yes, she has wandered long enough, to be sure.

H

Abbess.

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Abbeys. And has begged our advice to direct her in the right road.

Min. And if she takes it, it will be the first time in her life.

Abbeys. Say not so, son; you are too rash in your judgment.

Min. To come to the proof, will she marry the young man we have provided?

Abbeys. She has provided a better match for herself.

Min. The devil she has! what, a 'prentice-boy that wants two years to be out of his time?

Abbeys. Son, I don't comprehend you.

Min. Dick Drugget, I mean; as arrant a scape-grace——

Abbeys. Son, I know no such person as Drugget.

Min. What, he has chang'd his name, I suppose, since he came over! like enough.

Abbeys. Son, we err, I believe, as to the person; the spouse your daughter wishes to wed, is Saint Francis.

Min. Saint Francis! who the devil is he? what, has she pick'd up a Frenchman already? like enough: But if that be the case, Mistress, you may give my service to Mr. Saint Francis, and tell him he shall never touch a single penny of mine as long as he lives.

Abbeys.

Abbess. Saint Francis stands in need of no fortune.

Min. He is so rich? so much the better for he. And you may over and above tell him, notwithstanding she looks so demure, that he could not have met with such a headstrong, obstinate, peremptory vixen, if he had searched all the country round.

Abbess. Saint Francis will, notwithstanding, cherish the dear child in his bosom.

Min. Will he? then, if the dear child don't kick his guts out in less than a month, she is confoundedly altered! But come, Mistress; mayhap, we may find friends here, although we be strangers: We'll see if there be no laws against kidnapping other folks' children away!

Abbess. You grow indecent, son; we must leave you.

Min. In England now I would have horpurs'd-corpus'd her out of your hands in an hour!

Abbess. Daughter, pay your reverence to your relations! [*Jenny curtsies, and retires from the grate, with the Abbess.*]

Min. An hypocritical slut! And harkee, Mistress! before I goes, I will tell you a bit of my mind: Notwithstanding your whining and canting, and sanctified looks, I don't think you are a bit better than you should be, d'ye

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see me; and, if the truth was known, you are little better, I believe, than an old matchmaking bawd!

Mrs. Min. Matthew, consider where you are! have a care what you say!

Min. Prithee, woman, be quiet! Losers have leave to speak in all countries, I hope.

Mrs. Min. And of what use is your speaking?

Clack. True, sister. But come; let us go to Lady Kitty, as the friar advised us; perhaps she may put us in a way.

Mrs. Min. Right, sister. Come, Matthew, there is no time to be lost.

Min. Lost? we had better leave her to her own wicked ways: She will find that punishment enough, in the end.

Mrs. Min. But she is our daughter, Matthew, you know; let us do our duty, however.

Min. Well, well! Come, son Codling!

Codl. I'll follow you, father, when I have made an observation or two, to put into neighbour Index's Tower.—“The clargywomen in these parts don't use any linen; and instead of doing like our'n, they wear their woollen smocks over the rest of their cloaths. *Nota bene*, if they can catch any young women into their clutches, they locks them up in dens like wild beasteses, that are kept in the Tower.” [*Exe.*

Scene,

Scene, a Hotel.

Enter Miss Lydell and Hetty.

Miss L. Sure never was so capricious a being!

Hetty. Not of the same mind two minutes together! I am astonished, Miss, how you are able to bear it.

Miss L. I only wait for a fair occasion to quit her ladyship; such a one, I mean, as would justify me to my friends.

Hetty. For that, Miss, you can't be long at a loss.

Miss L. Ah, Hetty, it is impossible for you to guess at the half of her art: My relations, seduced by her frequent professions, trusted me to her care, expecting, what I am satisfied never will happen, a permanent establishment for me by means of her favour.

Hetty. Why, sure, Miss, she can't for shame but do something handsome for you, after having drag'd you in her train, as I may say, almost over the world.

Miss L. There, Hetty, is the source of her present behaviour: She knows what she has promised, and wants to force me to some indis-
creet

creet act of impatience, as an apology for the breach of her faith.

Hetty. Ay? is she so cunning as that?

Miss L. For at the same time that she is teasing, torturing, and loading me with every mortification in private, you see with what particular regard and attention she affects to treat me in public.

Hetty. True enough, I must own, Miss; exactly like her pretended grief for Sir John: She howls and cries over the poor boot, for all the world like the strange creature I have read of.

Miss L. Hush, Hetty! she is here.

Enter Lady Kitty Crocodile.

L. Kitty. In close committee, I see! What mischief are you two brewing together?—I am astonish'd, Miss Lydell, at your seducing my servants; is this a proper return, Miss, for all the obligations you owe me?

Miss L. I am sorry your ladyship should think me capable——

L. Kitty. Capable?—Leave the room, with your inquisitive impertinent face! You want some tale to run tattling with, to the rest of the crew. [To Hetty.

Hetty. Crew? I don't understand what your ladyship means by the crew; tho' we are servants,

vants, we may be as good Christians as other people, I hope; and tho', to be sure——

L. Kitty. Hold your insolent tongue, and quit the room, when I bid you!

Hetty. *Crew?*—With all my heart; I have no objection to quitting the room, nor the house neither, for the matter of that. *Crew*, indeed; marry come up! [Exit.

L. Kitty. So, Miss! these are the fruits of your little hypocritical plots; these lessons have been taught them by you.

Miss L. Me, Madam? Can your ladyship suppose, that I would descend so low as to——

L. Kitty. Descend, Miss? I don't understand you: Pray, in what respect are you so much better than they? Is it because I have permitted you to sit at my table, that you give yourself these airs of importance? Though your father was parson of the parish, yet I hope I was not obliged at his death to provide for all his beggarly tribe.

Miss L. Madam, I never presumed——

L. Kitty. And yet, has not my generosity been extended to every branch? There was your mother; did not I, by my own single interest, get her into the Alms-House at Bromley; where, except meat, drink, and cloaths, she is amply provided with every thing a woman of her condition can want?

Miss L.

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Miss L. I never denied——

L. Kitty. Was not your brother Tom, Miss, made a guinea-pig upon my recommendation?

Miss L. Granted, Madam.

L. Kitty. And as to you, did not I, for no reason that I know, unless indeed that you are a distant relation, take you into my house, put you above my own woman, and make you one of my maids of honour at once?

Miss L. I hope, Madam, I have not proved ungrateful.

L. Kitty. No, Miss? How often have I caught you ogling and throwing out lures to Sir John in his life-time?

Miss L. I hope, Madam, Sir John never charged me with any designs of that nature.

L. Kitty. No; there was your security, Miss; you knew he was too generous and good to expose your infamous arts; but you could not conceal them from me!

Miss L. Nay, for Heaven's sake, Madam——

L. Kitty. In Italy too, there was Prince Pincossi and Cardinal Grimsky; you could not help throwing out your traps to ensnare them.

Miss L. Me, Madam?

L. Kitty. Yes, you; what else, at my assemblies, could make them prefer your conversation to mine? I hope you have not the impudence

dence to suppose, that your person and figure would bear any comparison.

Miss L. Madam, I never presumed——

L. Kitty. Besides, Miss, you know I never durst carry you with me to any conference I had with the Pope, for fear you should be trying some of your coquetish airs upon him.

Miss L. Mercy upon me!

L. Kitty. And here too, Colonel Crosby, the only decent man in the town, when I was in Calais before, never missed my toilet a morning; but now, when he comes, won't tarry a moment, unless indeed when you are in waiting.

Miss L. I am so confused at the strange charges your ladyship brings, that I protest I don't know what answer to make!

L. Kitty. I do really believe you. But you see, Miss, all your little contrivances are fully discovered; and I should tell you, Miss Lydell, that you are the most artificial, cunning, hypocritical, mischievous minx, that ever I met with, but my humanity and my good breeding prevents me: A woman of quality should never lose sight of her station.

Miss L. Was I capable of but half the crimes your ladyship lays to my charge, I should detest myself full as much as your ladyship hates me. But I can't wish, Madam, that your ladyship

I

should

should keep about your person a young creature to whom you have been pleased to take such an aversion: Send me, therefore, Madam, to my poor mother; her age and infirmities must want my assistance.

L. Kitty. Who hinders you, Miss? You may go when you please.

Miss L. Your ladyship will send with me some person of confidence? or, at least, a line to my mother, intimating, that I have neither dishonoured myself, or deserted your ladyship?

L. Kitty. So! here is another stroke of your art! You want to persuade people, that, through caprice, grown tired of your company, I have the cruelty to throw you at once upon the wide world: No, Miss! that won't do; you should be a little more careful to cover the hook.

Enter a Servant and Colonel Crosby.

Serv. Colonel Crosby. *[Exit.]*

Colonel. I hope I am not an intruder.—Bless me, what has happened? Miss Lydell in tears!

L. Kitty. Yes; the poor child has just received a letter from her mother, one of the best kind of women that ever was: Dry up your tears, Lydia, my love!—You fullen, fulking,

ing, stomachful slut!—Poor Mrs. Lydell has but very bad health, Colonel Crosby; and the dear girl, who is indeed a most affectionate dutiful daughter—Go up to your room, you pouting, perverse, little vixen—You see, Colonel! but be comforted, Lydy, my dear! though you should lose your mother, you may be certain of finding a mother in me.

Colonel. I hope, Miss, there is no immediate imminent danger.

L. Kitty. The poor child's tender nature, and amiable heart, makes her dread the worst that can happen.—What, is the wench petrified? move off, and don't stand sniveling here!—She wishes, Colonel, to withdraw to her chamber: But don't brood over your sorrows, my love! order my coach, and take a little airing, my dear!—I hope it will overturn, and break every bone in your skin. *[Exit Lydia.]*

Colonel. How amiable in your ladyship is this attention for so deserving an object!

L. Kitty. I am afraid, Colonel, you will think it a weakness: Excess of humanity is my foible, I know; but a generous mind, such as yours, Colonel, will pardon the error.

Colonel. Error! it is the glory, the pride of your sex; it is the invincible Ægis of Pallas, that must subdue every heart it attacks!

L. Kitty. Sorrows naturally soften the mind; and, Heaven knows, I have had a plentiful portion. The dear man, whose resemblance I wear on my wrist——

Colonel. For Heaven's sake, madam——

L. Kitty. And for ever will wear—But what necessity for this idle delusion? is not thy sweet image deeply graved in my heart?

Colonel. Indeed your ladyship should not give way to these transports; they may endanger your health.

L. Kitty. Look here! Can I then lament him too much?—But thou art but gone before me, my love!

Colonel. Let me respect the sacred hour of sorrow, nor interrupt it by useless consolation, and impertinent form! [Exit.

L. Kitty. A short space will unite us, never to bear the torture of separation again! Oh, that it was permitted me, with my own hand to shorten the time! this night, the arched vault should inclose us! to the cold chamber of death I would with rapture descend——

Enter Hetty.

How came that ill-bred puppy let in, without announcing his name?

Hetty.

Hetty. I fancy, Madam, the servants were out of the way.

L. Kitty. That is always the case! Sure never was poor lady pestered by such an infamous set! But you all know and take advantage of my patient and mild disposition!

Hetty. To be sure, poor dove!—There are some English people below, beg to have the honour of seeing your ladyship.

L. Kitty. Do I know them?

Hetty. Mrs. Clack of Pall-Mall, with two or three more.

L. Kitty. Let Mrs. Clack first be admitted. Is the room fit to receive them?

Hetty. Would your ladyship see her in the Chamber of Tears?

L. Kitty. Where else? Light the candles, and shut out the sun! [Exit Hetty.

This part that I play begins to grow horribly tedious. In my husband's lifetime, indeed, I had one consolation at least, that I could always make him pay me in private for the good humour and fondness that I lavished on him in public: But now, I have no other resource but in servants; and they too at times are rebellious. These English creatures get such odd notions about liberty into their heads! I fancy the Turks would make
good

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good domestics enough; but then the brutes are so tame and submissive, that it is scarce possible to tease and torment them: Now the great pleasure of power, is in ruling over sensible subjects, who wince and feel the yoke when it galls them.—Bless me! who is this?—Yes, my lord, in thy tomb all my wishes lie bur—

Enter Hetty.

Hetty. The room is ready, my lady.

L. Kitty. I wish the room was on fire, and you in the middle on't! plague on you! I was afraid it was the Colonel come back.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

A C T III.

Enter Colonel Crosby.

Colonel.

THERE is a peculiarity in Miss Lydell's distress that I don't quite comprehend; it appears to arise from a deeper source than Lady Kitty derives it. I wish I could see her ladyship's woman! The girl seems to have caught a good deal of the manners of her class in this country; curious, arch, and corrupt: With a proper application, there will be no difficulty, I fancy, to get at the family-secrets.— Here she comes.

Enter Hetty.

You are in a prodigious hurry, Mrs. Hetty! Nothing uncommon has happened, I hope?

Hetty. Uncommon? no, no, Colonel; our affairs generally keep pretty much the same train: Hurry-scurry — sending — recalling — commanding — forbidding — Lord have mercy upon me! To live here, one should have the art of the Holloway-cheesecake-man, and be in a hundred places at the very same time.

Colonel.

Colonel. She seems in a right cue for my purpose.—You are upon no commission at present?

Hetty. Not immediately; but I must not be out of the way; for as my lady is deck'd out in her dismals, perhaps she may take a fancy to faint.

Colonel. Poor lady! Lady Kitty is, indeed, a most extraordinary instance of the sincerity and fervor of conjugal love.

Hetty. Yes; I believe there are very few women can match her.

Colonel. And Miss Lydell seems to have caught the infection. How long, pray, has her mother been so exceedingly ill?

Hetty. Whose mother?

Colonel. Miss Lydell's.

Hetty. I never heard a word of her sickness.

Colonel. No! because, my lady was——

Hetty. Yes; as I guessed: This is one of her tricks; some story she has trump'd up.

Colonel. Indeed?—Oh, Mrs. Hetty; though it is not usual in this country to give vails, I suppose you know it is the practice to pay some little occasional compliment, for the good offices of those whom the injustice of Fortune has placed in a station below us.

Hetty. I have always said, for politeness, no nation could equal the French.

Colonel.

Colonel. You will permit me to discharge this duty in part. *[Gives her money.]*

Hetty. One may see by your manner, Colonel, where you have passed the greatest part of your time.

Colonel. I don't know any body's approbation I am more ambitious to have.—But, Mrs. Hetty; as to Miss Lydell; there seems to be a fixed melancholy hang on her brow.

Hetty. I don't wonder at it.

Colonel. But even now I surprized her in tears.

Hetty. Like enough. I suppose she has been under the lash; my lady has been, as usual, employing her talents in teasing.

Colonel. Talents in teasing?

Hetty. Yes; it is a little amusement her ladyship takes every morning, just by way of exercise, between breakfast and dinner.

Colonel. Oh, you wrong her ladyship: Indeed, I never saw stronger proofs of delicate and tender affection.

Hetty. Ha, ha! how easily you men are imposed on!

Colonel. Nay, but, my dear girl, prithee don't be so giddy. To deal seriously with you, I can't help taking a warm interest in what relates to Miss Lydell.

K

Hetty.

Hetty. Upon my word, she richly deserves it.

Colonel. And should be sorry to find her present very alarming distress owing to any indiscretion of hers.

Hetty. On that head, you may make yourself perfectly easy.

Colonel. But how shall we be able to account for——

Hetty. In the most natural way in the world.

Colonel. Will you be kind enough to lend your assistance?

Hetty. With all the pleasure in life. You can be secret, I hope.

Colonel. You will find me a man of honour in every respect.

Hetty. In one instance, you have just given me a convincing proof, I confess. Why then, as to this lady of ours; in hypocrisy she would be an over-match for a Methodist.

Colonel. Really?

Hetty. And as to cruelty, there never was so ingenious, so refined a tormentor: The Fathers of the Inquisition themselves, would be proud to receive instructions from her. I could give you such a history——

Colonel. Is it possible?

Hetty. This room is too public; besides, perhaps her ladyship may pop in and surprize us,
for

for she is as suspicious and prying as a custom-house officer. Dare you venture yourself in my room for a moment?

Colonel. If you are not apprehensive of danger, I must, Miss Hetty, be a coward indeed, if I——

Hetty. Oh, as to my own part, I know I am secure; you are engaged too deeply elsewhere.

Colonel. Me, child?

Hetty. Ha, ha, ha! Lord have mercy! how oddly you look! What, d'ye think I have not found you out before this? Nay, for the matter of that, my lady knows as much as myself; and, to tell you the truth, I believe that was the cause of the scene to which you were partly a witness.

Colonel. Nay, but, child——

Hetty. Hush! step into that room: I must introduce Mrs. Clack, the Mantua-maker, to an audience; after which, I'll be with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Lady Kitty discovered in deep mourning; the room hung with black; a lamp on the table.

L. Kitty. What the deuce keeps this woman so long? I grow most terribly tired of my attitude; but to this creature I must keep my character up: She is an absolute Gazette, and at

her return will publish me in every part of the town.

Enter Hetty and Mrs. Clack.

Hetty. There you see her ladyship sits; absorbed in grief, quite absent; she knows nothing of us.

Clack. Poor dear lady!

Hetty. I will endeavour to rouse her attention.

L. Kitty. Gone, lost, for ever lost!

Hetty. Please your ladyship! madam!

L. Kitty. Why will you tease me to sustain a tedious life? I have no relish for rich wines, or delicate viands; the bread of affliction is the best banquet for me.

Clack. And that is but coarse food, Heaven knows.

L. Kitty. Don't I hear some other voice in the room? my eyes are grown so misty and dim——

Hetty. With crying!—Mrs. Clack, your ladyship's mantua-maker, from England, to pay her duty; and desires your ladyship's commands for that country.

L. Kitty. Let her approach.—How d'ye do, Mrs. Clack?—Hetty, child, you may go to your dinner.—A good creature; an humble kind of friend, Mrs. Clack: To her care and at-
tention

tention I think myself deeply indebted; as she will find when they open my will.

Hetty. For Heaven's sake! your ladyship makes my blood run cold in my veins.

L. Kitty. D'ye think, Hetty, you shall lament me?

Hetty. Can your ladyship doubt it? I should almost break my heart, if your ladyship was not to leave me a farthing.

L. Kitty. Should you? Kind soul!—I shall try the experiment, you hypocritical slut!

Hetty. But when our superiors are so considerate as to think of their menials in their last moments, to be sure it gives poor servants greater spirits to cry for their loss.

L. Kitty. Doubtless. You may go. [*Exit Hetty.* Well, Mrs. Clack, you find me vastly altered since the death of Sir John.

Clack. To be sure, your ladyship is something changed since the day I had the honour to try on your ladyship's cloaths for your ladyship's wedding.

L. Kitty. True. You, I think, Mrs. Clack, decked me out like another Iphigenia, to be sacrificed at the temple of Hymen. Don't you recollect the tremors, the terrors, that invaded each nerve, on that solemn, that awful occasion? You must remember, with what reluctance

luctance I was dragged by Sir John to the altar.

Clack. To be sure, your ladyship shewed a becoming coyness upon the occasion. I remember, about the hour of bedding, you hid yourself behind the bottle-rack in the beer-cellar, to avoid Sir John; if your ladyship had not happened to have coughed, we should not have found you.

L. Kitty. The conflict was great: But, dear Mrs. Clack, what could I do? Troy stood a siege for only ten years; now sixteen were fully accomplished before I was compelled to surrender.

Clack. That was standing out a vast while, to be sure. I recollects, what added to your ladyship's grief was, that the nuptials should happen to fall out in the middle of Lent.

L. Kitty. Dear Clack, you renew my confusion: Little did I think ever so fully that sacred season, by the celebration of such a festivity.

Clack. But there could not be so much harm in the matter neither, as marriages, your ladyship knows, are all settled above.

L. Kitty. By that argument I was induced to surrender; with, however, an express stipulation, that all connubial intercourse should be suspended Wednesdays and Fridays.

Clack,

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Clack. That must have been a vast denial to both parties, no doubt.

L. Kitty. How, Mrs. Clack! you wou'dn't insinuate that I was prompted to the connection by any——

Clack. Far from it, my lady! I only meant, that it must give your ladyship pain to refuse Sir John any favour; for, to be sure, never was any lady half so happy in a partner as you.

L. Kitty. How irreparable must then be my loss! Yes, Clack, he possess'd my whole heart, and possesses it still: My waking thoughts are all devoted to him; in sleep his lov'd image is ever before me—starting from my couch,

“ I cry aloud; he hears not what I say:

“ I stretch my empty arms; he glides away!”

Clack. Vast mournful indeed! But I should think your ladyship might find out a cure.

L. Kitty. Which way?

Clack. Fill your empty arms with something substantial, and I warrant 'twill frighten the phantom.

L. Kitty. Clack, I don't comprehend——

Clack. I only recommends to your ladyship the proscription I made use on myself: There was my first husband, sweet Mr. Snip, though a staymaker, as portly a person—I really believes,

believes, I should have followed the dear soul to his grave, hadn't our foreman, Tom Clack, step'd in to console me; indeed, the match was very convenient, as he had done all my husband's business during the time of his sickness.

L. Kitty. I am astonish'd, woman, at your presumption. Do you recollect to whom you are addressing this language?

Clack. I beg pardon! But I thought in these matters your ladyship was like the rest of our sex; and though Sir John——

L. Kitty. Peace! nor let your unhallow'd lips profane the dear name! even now, his sacred shade seems to upbraid me: See there!

Clack. There? where? I sees nothing, I'm sure.

L. Kitty. How awful, how tremendous, he looks! his front furrow'd, for the first time, with a frown!

Clack. Lord bless me! I wish I was well out of the house!

L. Kitty. But, be pacified, dear lord of my life; no second to thee shall succeed:

“First let the opening earth a passage rend,

“And let me thro' the dark abyss descend,

“Before I break the plighted faith I gave!

“Thou hadst my vows, and shalt for ever have;

“For whom I lov'd on earth, I'll worship in the grave!” }

Clack.

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Clack. Never stir, if she ben't talking of poetry! her brain's turn'd; to be sure.

L. Kitty. He beckons! lead on, my lov'd lord! thy summons I with rapture obey. His arms encircle me round; and now together we plunge into the gulph! the raging billows surfound us! now they rise o'er our heads! now we sink, we sink, in silence together! and, oh—[*falling.*] Curse the chair! how came I to miss it?

Clack. Mercy upon us! help, for Heaven's sake, help! What, is there nobody left in the house?

Enter Hetty.

Lord, Mrs. Hetty, I am glad you are come! My poor lady! she is quite gone, I am afraid.

Hetty. On the ground! in one of her fits, I suppose.—No doubt, it is dreadful to you; but we are us'd to 'em every day. Step and call some more of the—[*Exit Clack.*] How came your ladyship to fall on the ground?

L. Kitty. Where the deuce have you been? that old fool was so frightened, she never thought of bringing the chair. She has pinch'd me as black as a coal.

Hetty. Would your ladyship please to recover now, or shall I fetch in the hartshorn?

L

L. Kitty.

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L. Kitty. This woman is an idiot; so there is no occasion at present.

Hetty. Come back, Mrs. Clack; my lady begins to revive,

Re-enter Mrs. Clack.

and upon these occasions she wishes to have but few people by. T'other side, Mrs. Clack. So, so, so!

L. Kitty. Am I recall'd to hated life again?

Hetty. Your ladyship has had a violent struggle. Nothing more than usual, I hope, has happened.

Clack. I believe indeed it was partly my fault: In order to comfort my lady, I was rash enough to recommend another husband—

L. Kitty. Recall not the detested idea, unless you wish to see me sink again at your feet!

Clack. I beg your ladyship's pardon! I can't think what in the world could possess me! Indeed, Lord Harry Huntwidow, hearing that I was going over, did desire me to deliver a letter.

L. Kitty. To me? presumptuous man! how dar'd he encourage a hope—Had not he heard that Don Juan de Mustachio, a Spanish grandee of the very first class, had laid his Golden Fleece at my feet?

Hetty.

Hetty. True enough.

L. Kitty. Didn't the Palsgrave of Saltsplash, a sovereign Prince on the banks of the Rhine, offer to share his power with me? and, after all, to submit to a subject!—This Lord Harry, Hetty, is an absolute beggar: Red-faced, rabbit-back'd, with a pair of legs like a couple of drumsticks.

Hetty. Marry come up, my scurvy companion!

Clack. As soon as ever I return, I shall deliver his lordship his letter.

L. Kitty. Hold, Clack; let it lie on the table.

Clack. Will your ladyship deign then to give it a reading?

L. Kitty. By no means, Mrs. Clack. Put it amongst the other papers, Hetty, which in a few days are to expire in the flames.

Hetty. It shall, Madam.

L. Kitty. A monthly sacrifice I offer up, Mrs. Clack, before the dear image of him I adore.

Hetty. We shall have a fine blaze; for this month has been very prolific.—My lady's illness had made me like to forget; your relations, Mrs. Clack, grow impatient without.

L. Kitty. Who are they?

Clack. A sister of mine, and her husband, to beg your ladyship's interest to get their daughter out of a convent.

L 2

L. Kitty.

L. Kitty. A convent! how got she there?

Clack. Run away from her parents, with a paltry 'prentice, to avoid the man of their chusing; and purtends, on purpose to plague 'em, that she wants to be a nun; and, what is worser, threatens to turn Papish if they torment her.

L. Kitty. Of what use can I be?

Clack. If your ladyship could order the child to be deliver'd back to her parents——

L. Kitty. This is a matter of weight, Mrs. Clack, and must be considered maturely: I am too ill, at present, to admit an audience. I shall desire the governor to direct a guard to escort your niece to my presence; we shall then see what is best to be done. Hetty, let the governor know my desire. But this, Mrs. Clack, I must tell you; if the girl's conversion is the matter in question, I can on no account interpose; the friendship I have with the Pope ties my hands where the Holy See is concern'd.

Clack. Nothing of that, believe me, my lady.

L. Kitty. But don't indulge a surmise, which was circulated, even at Rome itself, with too much success, that any thing sensual tainted the intercourse between the reverend Pontiff and me.

Clack. Heaven forbid that I should think of any such thing!

L. Kitty. Malice, join'd with credulity, gave
rise

A TRIP TO CALAIS. 77

rise to the fable : Sacred sentiments, that spring in kindred minds, first began and cemented the union. Every avenue, but what friendship permits, is guarded by thy lov'd image, my lord ! thou, who art the alphabet, the beginning, the ending, the very Great A and Z, of all my tender affections. [Exit.

Clack. Poor lady ! she is in a piteous plight ; for all the world like Mrs. Andromedy, that one sees at the theatre.

Hetty. Ay, Mrs. Clack ; to all widows she is indeed a shining example.

Clack. True. Why, I myself, if my husband had left me in circumstances accordingly, should have taken on a great deal more than I did ; but folks, who have their living to get, can't afford to cry, you know, as much as your people of fashion ; besides, every body has not the gift of incontinence, like to my lady.

Hetty. True, true. But you had better step out to your friends, and let them know what measures my lady has taken.

Clack. I will, I will ; they will be impatient, no doubt. [Exit.

Hetty. Colonel, you may appear.

Enter Colonel.

Well, Sir, after what you have seen and heard, I suppose all your doubts are remov'd.

Colonel.

Colonel. Perfectly satisfied; a new edition of the Ephesian Matron, with amazing improvements. But poor Miss Lydell! I own her situation distresses me greatly.

Hetty. The damsel, it is true, is in terrible durance: Do you feel yourself knight-errant enough to fly to her rescue?

Colonel. Would the lady, d'ye think, accept of my service?

Hetty. It is but a poor compliment to suppose that she wou'dn't prefer the soft bondage of love, to the galling fetters she wears.

Colonel. Can I then, Mrs. Hetty, hope for nothing more than a preference?

Hetty. I don't think myself at liberty, Colonel, to tell you all that I know. In the drawing-room, you will find the young lady alone; As you gave me a handsome retainer, I have been in court and open'd the cause; do you speak to the merits; you are a good pleader, and I make no doubt will succeed.

Colonel. I will go and labour hard for a verdict.

Hetty. You will find the court inclined to your suit. But, Colonel, you have no objections, when you have delivered the damsel, to break the chains of her confidante too?

Colonel. The romance would be irregular else. [Exit.

Hetty. So! her ladyship's power draws towards a period;

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a period; she must provide new subjects, at least. She supposed the hopes from her Will would secure me; but the day is too distant; besides, I know her too well to have any reliance—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Bless me, Mrs. Hetty, what can be the matter? Here is a file of musqueteers coming into the house.

Hetty. The girl, I suppose, from the convent. A new whim of my lady's: I will go to them; you have nothing to fear. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to another Apartment.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, and Codling.

Mrs. Min. Now, son Codling, boldly put in your claim. We will support you, I warrant.

Enter Mrs. Clack.

Well, sister, what news from my lady?

Clack. Small hopes, I am afraid: The gentlewoman herself is in a desperate taking; but Jenny will be forth-coming, however. I fancy here she is, by the noise on the stairs.

Enter Lapelle.

Lap. Servitude, Monsieurs and Mesdames!—
Why, what the deuce is the matter? There is
your

80 A TRIP TO CALAIS.

your daughter below; furrounded by a troop of *soldas*, as the French call them.—Here she is.

Enter Jenny and soldiers.

Mrs. Min. So, Jenny! You see what you have brought yourself to, to be made a show on in the streets, guarded like a——

Jenny. I am not the first, Madam, who has suffered for the sake of Religion.

Mrs. Min. Religion? Rebellion, you hypocritical slut!

Jenny. Can I give a stronger proof of my sincerity, than in quitting a life of affluence and ease, to embrace poverty, fasting, and penance?

Min. Not one of the three, but thee wouldst run twenty miles to avoid! No, no, Jenny, that's all a pretence; it is not poverty, but something else, you want to embrace.

Lap. Hold, Monsieur Minnikin! You are a little too hasty: *Jeunes filles*, as the French say, are not to be treated so roughly; suffer me to *parle un peu*. Is it true, *Mademoiselle*, mon amy Codling, because you are *amorette* of somebody else——

Jenny. My duty, Sir, directs me not to contradict what a father affirms.

Min. Yes, yes, you are plaguy dutiful all of a sudden!

Clack.

Clack. Hush! Here comes my lady; leave the matter to her.

Enter Lady Kitty and Hetty.

L. Kitty. Hetty, order the guards to withdraw. [*Exe. Sold.*—Which are the parties? and what their cause of complaint?

Min. Why, please your ladyship, our business is this: That young slut that stands there, who, between ourselves, for all her sanctified looks—

L. Kitty. Honest friend, you are too familiar and loud.

Lap. Hush, Matt! and let me open the matter:—Matt Minnikin, my lady, an honest *bourgoise*, that lives *dans* the *citè*, won't set fire to the Thames, though he lives near the Bridge; a namesake, but no relation to Mr. *Mat-Chavel*—

L. Kitty. You too are pretty forward, I think! And, pray, Sir, who and what may you be?

Lap. *Per vous service*, as the French say, my name is Lapelle; by distraction, a Frenchman, though a native of *Londre*; my purdecessors were mesugees, and came over after the revolution of the edict of Nantz. Don't you think, my lady, there is a *quelque chose* in my manner, a something, that speaks me sprung from the French?

M

L. Kitty.

L. Kitty. Rather more relative in your modesty, Mr. Lapelle.

Lap. *Powteter*, my lady.

L. Kitty. But let this honest man tell his own story; he seems very able.

Lap. With all my heart; *de tout mon cur*, as the French say.—Come, Matthew! *alons!*

Min. Why, I say, my lady, as I was saying, that girl there——

Lap. *Pardy asses sbenteel*; and, for an English face, a pretty jolly visage enough.

L. Kitty. Peace, Sir!

Lap. My lady, *pardunn!*

Min. Rather, I say, than marry this honest neighbour of ours, as reputable a trades——

Lap. *Cest vrais*; Monsieur Codling lives in *beaucope de credit*.

L. Kitty. Nobody called on you as a voucher.

Lap. *Affurement*, my lady.

Min. She has run away along with our 'prentice; but as we followed pretty close at their heels, not having time to complete their project, she has taken refuge here in a convent; and says, moreover, if we persists, she will promiscuously turn Papish and Nun.

Lap. *Pour* a Papish, *powteter*; but *pour la nun*, *pardonnez moi!* my lady, *que ditiez vous?*

L. Kitty. Will nobody silence this impertinent

ment jackanapes?—Well, child, you hear what your father alleges.

Jenny. May I crave your ladyship's private ear for a moment?

L. Kitty. Withdraw; not out of the room.—Well, child; what are the objections to the man your parents have chosen?

Jenny. Two as strong ones as any mortal can have: I hate him, and I love another.

L. Kitty. Pretty frank, I must own.—And as to the change of religion——

Jenny. A mere fetch, to keep out of their hands.

L. Kitty. You have no hopes that your parents will yield?

Jenny. Mother, perhaps, might comply; but no mule is so headstrong as father.

L. Kitty. And you, I suppose, are as determin'd as he?

Jenny. Never once gave up a point in my life.

L. Kitty. I dare say. But, if they were to desire you to marry the 'prentice——

Jenny. They would find me a dutiful daughter.

L. Kitty. Then you have no objection to obey their commands, when they happen to contain the very things that you wish?

Jenny. Not in the least.

L. Kitty. And after having produced, and at

their own expence trained and sustained you, you would still suffer them, I dare say, to support and protect you?

Jenny. As in duty they are bound.

L. Kitty. And they might direct you, provided you govern'd them?

Jenny. In every respect.

L. Kitty. Well said, my little American! you would be an heroine, child, on the other side the Atlantic. Why, in your case, Miss Jenny, I don't see what we can do: There is, indeed, one expedient, if you find you have courage enough to perform it.

Jenny. I shall not flinch, my lady, when it comes to the push.

L. Kitty. There are, my dear, two men who solicit your hand; one favour'd by you, the other your father approves.

Jenny. My situation exactly.

L. Kitty. Suppose then, by way of reconciling all parties, you were to marry 'em both?

Jenny. The happiest thought in the world! I wonder it never came into my head.—But, I am afraid, my lady, we have not dignity enough to do such a thing as this without danger.

L. Kitty. We will consider of this at our leisure.—How should you like living with me in this town?

Jenny.

Jenny. Of all things upon earth.

L. Kitty. We will see what can be done.—
Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, I have been founding
your daughter; a little time and some proper
persuasions, may induce her to comply with
your wishes.

Mrs. Min. We are highly indebted to your
ladyship's goodness!

L. Kitty. One of my maids of honour is re-
turning to England; I shall have no objection
to promoting Mrs. Clack's niece to the place.

Clack. Brother Minnikin!—We shall be bound
to pray for your ladyship.

L. Kitty. Here Lydia comes, and the Colonel
close with her!

Enter Colonel and Lydia.

Lydia, my dear, though with the greatest re-
gret, yet the design is so laudable, I consent
that you may return to your mother; these
honest people, my love, will conduct you with
care.

Colonel. My Lydia, Madam, will not want
their assistance.

L. Kitty. Colonel? I don't understand you.

Colonel. That honour I propose having
myself.

L. Kitty. How, Colonel!—Shall I crave a
word?

word? I hope you have no bad designs on the girl.

Colonel. None but such as I hope her friends will approve?

L. Kitty. Is it possible you can be in earnest?

Colonel. What should make your ladyship doubt it?

L. Kitty. Indeed? Nay, if that be the case, it would be criminal in me to conceal a secret in which your honour is concerned: Those tears, which my humanity made me attribute to her filial fears for her mother, flow'd from a more ignoble source.

Colonel. How, Madam!

L. Kitty. A love, perhaps, for one of my menials. How far it proceeded, I sha'n't take upon me to say; but, to avoid scandal, I found myself obliged to discard him.

Colonel. Ha, ha! what a happy invention!

L. Kitty. I don't understand you.

Colonel. Why, to deal with your ladyship plainly, your address is ill employ'd upon me: I own it consummate; but I have been a conceal'd witness to some of your arts, and shall hardly be imposed on again. Come, Miss Lydia; you will take leave of her ladyship: Her past favours may soon be acknowledg'd.

L. Kitty. Is this true, Lydia?

Miss L.

Miss L. Your ladyship's approbation, on an event so honourable and advantageous for me, I make no doubt of obtaining.

L. Kitty. Is it possible that you can quit my protection, and throw yourself into the arms of a renegade?

Colonel. How, Madam!

L. Kitty. Was not your father a rebel?

Colonel. True, Madam.

L. Kitty. And a'n't you an officer in the service of France?

Colonel. I was, Madam; but my present royal master, who is above the narrow prejudice of punishing the principles of parents in their unfortunate offspring, has accepted my service, and restored my family to the rights of their country. For that spot I shall embark in the morning; leaving your ladyship to lament the loss of a subject to exercise your mischief and malice upon; which I fancy you will more heavily miss, notwithstanding your weeds, than the poor knight who was happy, though even by death, to escape from so unfeeling a tyrant!

L. Kitty. Barbarous, inhuman monster! how dare you recal the memory of the dear—had he lived, thus to see me insulted—but that could not have been; Thou wouldst never have borne

borne it, my love!—but I am rightly punish'd, for suffering even a thought to be diverted from thee!—Hetty, lead to my closet, there to compose my ruffled——

Hetty. Please your ladyship, I must beg to be excus'd; I am engag'd to take on with Miss Lydy.

L. Kitty. Is it so? well, well! You will follow me with your niece. You see in me, Mrs. Clack, another Darius, deserted at my utmost need, by those my former bounty fed. But, what have I to do with mankind? all my wishes and wants lie beyond them! I desire no companion but thee:

“Whilst on thy form I fix my eager eyes,

“The world I laugh at, and its threats despise.” [*Exit.*]

Colonel. The world will be even with your ladyship, or I am greatly mistaken.—Come, my love, it is time to prepare for our voyage.

Lap. You are bound, Colonel, for *Angleterre*, as the French call it?

Colonel. By the very first ship.

Lap. I wonder that you, who have resided so long in France, can bear the thoughts of living at London.

Colonel. It is that very circumstance that will give it an additional relish: And believe this,
master

Master Lapelle, as a truth; no man ever yet deserted his country, unless he had previously been by that country deserted.

Lap. *Commong* can that be? *permette moi* to laugh, as they say: You see how this town is crouded with *Anglois*.

Colonel. Too true, I confess; and particularly, Master Lapelle, by those of your business; who, at the same time that they are exclaiming in every paper against the importation of French manufactures, have engross'd almost the whole of that part of the smuggling trade to themselves. I dare say, you are at present furnish'd with a pretty good cargo.

Lap. To oblige some *my lors*, who are my particular friends, I can't say——

Colonel. Nay, be cautious how you trust me with your secrets! there may be some danger.—Come, Miss; in this house we have nothing further to do.

Miss L. I can't say, but I feel some concern for the young victim Lady Kitty has just got into her power.

Hetty. You may discard your fears about her! unless I am mistaken, they are very properly match'd, and will prove a mutual plague to each other. But, should it be otherwise, there seems to be a kind of dramatic justice in the

N

change

change of your two situations : You, Miss, are rewarded for your patient sufferings, by the protection of a man of honour and virtue ; whilst she, rebellious to the mild dictates of parental sway, is subjected to the galling yoke of a capricious and whimsical tyrant !

END of the TRIP TO CALAIS.

THE
CAPUCHIN;
A COMEDY,
IN THREE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAYMARKET.

ALTERED FROM
THE TRIP TO CALAIS,

BY THE LATE
SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

AND NOW PUBLISHED BY
Mr. COLMAN.

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A COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS

AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL DE LA NAYMAKKE

AND THE THEATRE

THE TRIP TO CALAIS

BY THE ACT

BY MESSRS. J. O. F. M.

AND NOW PERFORMED BY

THE COMPANY OF THE

P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. C O L M A N.

Spoken by Mr. F O O T E.

CRITICS, whene'er I write, in every scene
Discover meanings that I never mean :

Whatever character I bring to view,
I am the father of the child, 'tis true,
But every babe his christ'ning owes to you.
"The comic poet's eye," with humorous air,
Glancing from Watling-Street to Grosvenor-Square,
He bodies forth a light ideal train,
And turns to shape the phantoms of his brain;
Meanwhile, your fancy takes more partial aim,
"And gives to airy nothing place and name."

A limner once, in want of work, went down
To try his fortune in a country town;
The waggon, loaded with his goods, convey'd
To the same spot his whole dead stock in trade;
Originals, and copies—ready made.

To the new painter all the country came;
Lord, lady, doctor, lawyer, squire, and dame,
The humble curate, and the curate's wife,
All ask a likeness—taken from the life.

Behold the canvas on the easel stand!
A pallet grac'd his thumb, and brushes fill'd his hand;
But, ah! the painter's skill they little knew,
Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.

The waggon-load unpack'd, his ancient store
Furnish'd for each a face drawn long before;
God, dame, or hero of the days of yore.

The

P R O L O G U E.

The Cæsars, with a little alteration,
 Were turn'd into the mayor and corporation;
 To represent the rector and the dean,
 He added wigs and bands to prince Eugene;
 The ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces
 From Charles the Second's beauties, and the Graces:

Thus done, and circled in a splendid frame,
 His works adorn'd each room, and spread his fame.

The country Men of Taste admire and stare,

“ My lady's leer! Sir John's majestic air!

“ Miss Dimple's languish too! extremely like!

“ And in the stile and manner of Vandyke!—

“ Oh! this new limner's pictures always strike.

“ Old, young, fat, lean, dark, fair, or big or little,

“ The very man or woman to a tittle!”

Footnote and this limner in some points agree;

And thus, good Sirs, you often deal by Me.

When, by the royal licence and protection,

I shew my small academy's collection,

The connoisseur takes out his glass, to pry

Into each picture with a curious eye;

Turns topsy-turvy my whole composition,

And makes mere portraits all my exhibition:

From various forms Apelles Venus drew:

So from the million do I copy you.

“ But still the copy's so exact,” you say:

Alas! the same thing happens every day!

How many a modish, well-dress'd fop you meet;

Exactly suits his shape in Monmouth-Street.

In Yorkshire warehouses and Cranbourn-Alley,

'Tis wonderful how shoes and feet will tally!

As honest Crispin understands his trade,

On the true human scale his lasts are made;

The

P R O L O G U E.

The measure of each sex and age to hit,
And every shoe, as if bespoke, will fit.

My warehouse, thus, for Nature's walks, supplies
Shoes for all ranks, and lasts of every size.

Sit still and try 'em, Sirs; I long to please you:

How well they fit! I hope you find 'em easy!

If the shoe pinches, swear you cannot bear it;

But, if well made, I wish you health to wear it!

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir HARRY HAMPER,	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>
Doctor VIPER,	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
O'DONNOVAN,	<i>Mr. Foote.</i>
COLONEL,	<i>Mr. L'Estrange.</i>
Mr. MINNIKIN,	<i>Mr. Edwin.</i>
KIT CODLING,	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>
DICK DRUGGET,	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
TROMFORT,	<i>Mr. Baddeley.</i>
LA JEUNESSE,	
PETER PACKTHREAD,	
KIT CABLE,	
Postillions, Porters, Shoe-Blacks, &c.	

Mrs. MINNIKIN,	<i>Miss Sherry.</i>
Mrs. CLACK,	<i>Miss Platt.</i>
JENNY MINNIKIN,	<i>Mrs. Jewell.</i>
ABBESS.	<i>Mrs. Love.</i>
NUN.	

T H E
C A P U C H I N.

[In order to avoid swelling the bulk, and encreasing the Price, of these Pieces, such Passages in the Capuchin as are exactly similar to those in the Trip to Calais, are not reprinted; but the Reader is referred to the Pages in which the Dialogue and Fable connect the two Dramas.]

A C T I.

[The first variation from the Trip to Calais is by the following insertion, after Tromfort's speech ending, "for he is ver fond of de sea," p. 9.]

Tromfort.

SOME littel time past, ve vas have an-
o ler gentleman of de same kind in dis
town: He vas a grand autere; *diable*,
a man of great deal of vit, *beaucoup*
d'esprit.

Jenny. Ay?

O

Tromf.



Tromf. Oh, *oui!* he vas write de pretty paragraph in de Gazette, vat you call your newspaper? by gar, he lay about him like *le diable!* Poff, poff, poff! he make all de my lors, ay, and my ladies too, shake in dere two shoe.

Dick. What brought him here?

Tromf. He vas come over here vid my lady Deborah Dripping.

Jenny. Is her ladyship here?

Tromf. No; she vas go to Italy to visit de Pope.

Dick. And leave the Doctor behind?

Tromf. You know he vas Protestant *Pretre!* Not but he vas ver polite, and offered to turn Papist, to wait on de lady.

Dick. That was very complaisant of the Doctor. Where is he now?

Tromf. He is gone gouverneur to shew dis country to a chevalier *Anglois*, an English knight, I dink dey call, Sir Harry de Hamper.

[*The Dialogue then proceeds without any variation to p. 22; where, instead of the entrance of Lapelle, Gingham, and La Jeunesse, the Act was continued, and concluded, as follows.*]

Mrs. Min. Bless me, what a rumbling is that!

Re-enter Codling.

Codl. I fancy, an old neighbour of yours, that has just drove into the yard.

Min.

Min. Who can it be?

Codl. Master Hamper, that kept the great tea-shop at the corner of Cornhill; you remember him?

Min. What should ail me? many a tiff have we taken at Mother Red-Cap's, in our Sunday-nights' walks up to Hampstead.

Mrs. Min. Ay, but, Matt, times are altered with him now: Since the death of his brother, he is become a knight banneret, and perhaps may chuse to forget his old friends.

Min. Ay, ay, like enough. Upon his coming to his means, he grew too proud to live in the City; so shut up shop, and I ha'n't got sight of him since. Son Codling, dost know what brought him here?

Clack. Sir Harry Hamper! is he here? I shall be happy to see him; I had the honour to furnish him with some tom-bore waistcoats when he set out on his tower.

Min. Tower! what a deuce could provoke him to leave home?

Clack. Wanted to see the world, I suppose.

Min. See the world? what, just as he is going out on't?

Clack. And to qualify him for the honour of a young lady of quality's hand, that lives in our Square, to whom he paid his addresses; but she insists upon his polishing a little.

Min. A young lady? what, Harry Hamper? Zounds, why, he is ten years older than I am! on the wrong side of seventy, I'll be upon oath.

Clack. Ay, that is as you reckon him; but he dates his birth from the day of his succeeding to the family honours.

Mrs. Min. About five years ago.

Min. He is not far from the mark; once a man, and twice a child!

Codl. To my thinking, these mounseers have disfigured him strangely; if it had not been for Peter Packthread, his old shopman, whom he keeps as his valet de sham, I should never have known him.

Min. I reckon he is as proud as Old Nick.

Codl. I can't say much as to that. Peter says that his master has not pick'd up much of their lingo, so his speech is pretty much as it was; he talks to every body, runs from one thing to t'other, and rattles away at his old rate, I can tell you.

Mrs. Min. But how does he manage to call for such things as he wants?

Codl. He pick'd up a clergyman, as he pass'd thro' this town, and carried him with him, as his travelling tuterer. Oh, here he is.

Enter

Enter Sir Harry Hamper, Peter Packthead, Dr. Viper, and Two Postillions.

Sir H. Come, come! come along, Doctor! Peter, give the postillions thirty souses a-piece.

Peter. 'Tis put down, they are to have but five, in the book.

Sir H. No matter; it will let them know we are somebody, Peter.

Peter. What significations that? ten to one, we shall never see them again.

Sir H. Do as you are bid! [*Peter pays the Post.*

Peter. There! Pox take 'em, see how they grin! ay, ay, I dare be sworn you ha'n't seen such a sum this many a day.

1st Post. *Serviteur! bonne voyage, Monsieur my lor!* [*Exeunt Post.*

Sir H. There, there, Peter! my lord! I have purchased a title for ten-pence; that is dog-cheap, or the devil's in't!

Peter. Nay, in that respect, the folks here make but little difference between their dogs and your worship, I think; for every mangy cur I have met with, is either *prince*, or *my lord*, or *marquis*.

Clack. I am happy to see your honour in France.

Sir H. What, Mrs. Clack! and Master Minnikin and wife, as I live! How fares it, my old City friends?

Min.

Min. Thank you, thank you, Sir Harry !
What, you have been the grand tower, I suppose.

Sir H. Ay, Matt : What's money without manners ? I have enough of the first, to be sure ; and I wanted to see if I could not pick up a little of the last.

Clack. And how does your honour like France ?

Sir H. Only the first spot in the world, Mrs. Clack : For eating, drinking, laughing, and loving, *vive la France !* hey, Domine ?

Mrs. Min. Eating ! sure your honour does not think their victuals are better than our'n.

Sir H. Victuals ! Lord help your roast-beef and plumb-pudding soul ! why, there are no such things in the country.

Min. No ! I have heard, indeed, they had not over much plenty ; but I didn't think the poor creatures were so bad off as that.

Sir H. What, because a whole family does not get round a sir-loin of beef, or a saddle of mutton, and devour it like a kennel of hounds ! Can there be any thing so savage, as to eat up sheep and oxen like a parcel of cannibals : I wonder they don't dress them in their fleece and their hides ; hey, Domine !

Viper. Doubtless, Sir Harry, the French elegance would never be able to digest such gross animal food in its natural form ; he therefore is the best cook with them who can disguise it the best.

Mrs.

Mrs. Min. Indeed?

Sir H. To be sure. Why, except a side dish of stew'd snails, or some fricaseed frogs, I haven't known the name of any thing I have tasted since I came over.

Min. Lord have mercy upon us!—And as to love, Sir Harry, I should think that was pretty near over with you.

Sir H. Domine, did you ever hear such a blockhead!—Why, fool, it was my own fault, or I might have gone into keeping.

Min. Into keeping? you?

Sir H. Me! ask Domine only. What was the name of the duchess?

Viper. What signifies naming of one? there was not a day, that I didn't receive several commissions of a similar nature.

Mrs. Min. Indeed?

Sir H. Domine Viper receiv'd the letters, and us'd to read 'em to me in English.

Viper. They at last became so exceedingly troublesome, that I was oblig'd to recommend to Sir Harry the entertaining an Opera girl, in order to convince them that they had mistaken their man; and that so far from receiving, we were able to pay.

Sir H. And so he got me Mademoiselle Mouche, a sweet lovely syren; and the little rogue was so
excessively

excessively fond, Domine Viper thinks she will hardly survive my departure.

Min. Wonderful!

Sir H. Fell into 'stericks at my going off in the chay; didn't she? so I left Domine to console her a little; but you found the way to make her easy at last.

Viper. A difficult job.

Sir H. I had some thoughts of carrying her over to England, and taking a box for her at the Opera during the season; but I thought it might give offence in a certain quarter that you know, Mrs. Clack.

Clack. There might have been some danger in that.

Sir H. Otherwise, Mademoiselle, the Doctor, and I, should have made a sweet *tête-à-tête* on the road.

Min. I reckon she must a' cost you a power of money.

Sir H. Cost? that's always uppermost in a citizen's mouth: Not a farthing, you fool! I am sure, she would have quitted me, if I had but made her the offer. Domine!

Viper. Oh! mere passion; not an idea of interest.

Sir H. Domine heard, indeed, by accident, she had contracted some debts to support her relations, for she is the best creature on earth;
and

and wanted vastly to have a small service of plate, and some ear-rings.

Mrs. Min. Which you gave her, I reckon?

Sir H. Not I: I was oblig'd to get Domine to manage the business. Had she had the least suspicion of me, there would have been the devil to pay; we should have all been off in an instant.

Mrs. Min. The Doctor has, I find, been very useful to you, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Could have done nothing without him: Not a week ago, he got me out of a devilish scrape.

Min. How?

Sir H. Got to picquet with a count, a great man of the Doctor's acquaintance; I can't say, I know much of the game; but what of that? one wou'dn't appear ignorant amongst the French, you know, for the honour of England.

Clack. Oh fy! by no means.

Sir H. Egod, the count gave me a trimming; lost a devilish deal more than I had in the country; but Domine made it up for me, among his acquaintance, upon my only giving my note.

Mrs. Min. All one as if you had been in London?

Sir H. The very same thing.

Clack. And pray, your honour, what news is stirring in France?

Sir H. *Toujours* gay, as they say, Mrs. Clack.

Clack. I reckon there be powers of our country folks there.

Sir H. I suppose so; for I saw a good many aukward people, as they say, *a la bowlivards*, and at the Coloffus; but I chose to avoid them.

Min. Why so? I should have been ready to leap out of my skin at the sight of a countryman in foreign parts.

Sir H. Like enough, Matthew; but you are a *burgois*, as you know; but the Doctor says, that *un humm de quality*, when he voyages, ought to shun *les Anglois*.

Clack. I hope you left the royal family all in good health.

Sir H. Yes; Mr. *le Roi*, as the French say, looked pretty jolly and well; I saw him in one of the glass-cases at church, and was afterwards at his grand *couvert*, as they call it; his majesty looked at me very hard: Domine thinks he was struck with my figure.

Viper. I overheard him whisper as much to the Duke de Tremouille.

Clack. How long was your honour coming from Paris?

Sir

Sir H. Two days and a night.

Clack. Are the accommodations good on the road?

Sir H. Their *chevauxes*, their horses, as the French call 'em, arn't quite so nimble as our'n; but then, to make amends, like the French, I *covrir* the post without stopping; unless, indeed, to take a slight *repas* of *jambunn* or a *hamlet*.

Clack. The country's vast pleasant, I reckon.

Sir H. La-la: Their country-folks, their *pheasants*, as the French call 'em, don't seem quite so tidy as our'n: but they don't look upon them there creatures in France; mere hogs, *cowshons*, as they say.

Mrs. Min. Why, sure they be Christians, as well as——

Sir H. Christians? why, so may all the world, if they like it; but it a'n't in every body's power to be a gentleman born: Hey, Domine Viper?

Viper. True, true, Sir Harry. The laws of subordination are too much neglected in England; all is mere anarchy there; it must be owned, France is the only spot for a gentleman.

Sir H. True. Why, a gentleman born may kill a common fellow in Paris, for less money than it would cost an unqualified man in England to shoot a hare or a partridge.

Viper. Right, Baronet: Poor rogues are so

plenty in Paris, there is no danger of destroying the game.

Sir H. Well said, Domine Viper!—But, Madam Clack, what makes all your family here? Like me, come over to be polish'd, I reckon.

Min. Not we; we be contented, Sir Harry, to rub on in our rust. You remember our daughter Jenny?

Sir H. Vastly well; and she promis'd to turn out a devilish fine girl!

Min. Pretty well, as to that.

Sir H. What, I suppose you have brought her here, just to fashion her; give her the gout.

Min. No, no; 'tis a freak of her own: Run away with our 'prentice, to avoid neighbour Codling.

Sir H. A girl of spirit, however!

Enter La Jeunesse.

La Jeu. Monsieur, on a servie.

Sir H. What does he say, Domine Viper?

Viper. The dinner's on the table, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Oh, oh!—Domine! it wou'dn't be decent, as them there people are but tradesfolks, you know, to ask them to dinner?

Viper. Why, yes, you may venture, Sir Harry:

Harry : It is not minded in London; and this town is little better than an English colony.

Sir H. True, true.—Come, good people; as we are all country folks, suppose we sit down to table together?

Min. By all manner of means.

Sir H. Domine, you will escort Mrs. Minnikin? Mrs. Clack, will you accept of my *brass*? [Exeunt.

ACT

110 THE CAPUCHIN.

A C T II.

[*The same in the Trip to Calais, to p. 43, where O'Donnovan's speech was altered, and the scene finished, in the following manner.*]

O'Don. So now, as I was a-telling, if you can get any frind to speak to the governor, why, if they take it into their heads to restore her to you, you may chance to have your daughter again.

Min. True, reverend Sir. But, before we trouble any body, we will first try what we can do at the convent ourselves.

O'Don. By all mains. And, d'ye hear, you need not mention any thing about the purse; you understand me?

Clack. Your reverence need not fear us.

O'Don. Nay, it is upon account of yourselves that I speak; becaase one's charity should be private, you know; therefore, to make publication would take away most of the merit. If you fail, I will step to the convent, and see what can be done.

Mrs. Min. Very kind, reverend Sir. Then, we will go after the girl to the convent directly.

Clack.

THE CAPUCHIN. III

Clack. But take care what you say! you see what a hobble we had like to have got into.

Mrs. Min. Never fear; I know how to behave myself. [Exeunt.]

O' Don. It was an odd freak of St. Francis to forbid us touching of money; unless, indeed, his first followers were a parcel of pickpockets, and he thought of this method to break them. But, however, as the hereticks are gone, and there is no danger of giving offence, by St. Francis's leave I will examine the contents of this purse. Stay! who have we here?

[Draws back.]

Enter Viper.

Viper. The wind is veering, and when it comes fair, my old knight within will be for hying homewards by the very first ship. Let me see: Can I hit on no scheme to give him one little squeeze more? To be sure, what with tailors, *traiteurs*, toymen, the girl, and the gaming-table, my trip to Paris has turn'd out pretty well. One smart parting blow I should be glad to——

O' Don. Save you, good Sir!

Viper. Damn these bare-footed beggars! a set of lazy, lubberly—You may as well shift your ground, father; you will get nothing from me.

O' Don.

O'Don. Be it ever so little! we have nothing but the benevolence of good Christian peo—Hey! sure it can't be! by my shoul, but it is!—What, Doctor Viper! who expected to see you at Calais?

Viper. Pray, honest friend, when did our acquaintance commence?

O'Don. It is not a very long standing. Come, do shake your memory a bit, Doctor, and you will soon recollect me.

Viper. It will be to no purpose.

O'Don. I warrant. Surely, my dear, when you were the doer of the Scandalous Chronicle, was not I death-hunter to the very same paper?

Viper. Hey! why, you can't be Phelim O'Flam!

O'Don. Not now; but I was about twelve months ago.

Viper. What could induce you to turn Capuchin?

O'Don. A few murders.

Viper. Murders?

O'Don. Yes; in order to pay off my lodging, I kill'd a couple of dozen of people, that happen'd to be alive and in good health; so the printer would employ me no longer.

Viper. I told you, O'Flam, what would happen; why, you became a perfect Drawcanfir;
put

put more people to death than any three physicians in London.

O'Don. What then, Doctor Viper? sure, your poisonous pen did more mischief than me: My dead men walk'd about afterwards, and did their business as if nothing had happen'd; whilst the stabs made on peoples' good names, by your rancour and malice, will admit of no consolation.

Viper. How is this?

O'Don. In short, my dear Doctor, the only difference between us is this; my dead men are all alive, and your live men had much better be dead.

Viper. Do you know, sirrah, to whom you are speaking?

O'Don. You may say that; from the top to the bottom, every chink and cranny, my dear.

Viper. Pay then proper respect to my cloth.

O'Don. What, d'ye mane it is a priest that you are?

Viper. Without doubt.

O'Don. Then, upon my shoul, it must be of your own ordination, like Mr. Melchizedeck. A priest? I'll wager my frock against the price of a mass, that you can't tell how many the thirty-nine articles are.

Q

Viper.

Viper. An impudent, audacious——

O'Don. A priest? What, becaase you was parish-clerk to the Moravian meeting-house in the Old-Jewry, and us'd to snuffle out their bawdy hymns to the tune of beastly ballads and jiggs? from thence you got expell'd for robbing the poots' box——

Viper. Me?

O'Don. Then you became advertisement-sticker to lottery-offices, auctioneers, stage-coaches, and mountebank-doctors; but being detected in selling the bills for waste paper to grocers, you got your dismissal, you know——

Viper. Rascal! I know?

O'Don. After that you turn'd swindler, and got out of gaol by an act for the relief of insolvent debtors.

Viper. Many honest men have been in the same situation.

O'Don. Lave honesty out, if you plaase. Then you became doer of the Scandalous Chronicle; mow'd down reputations like muck; push'd yourself into the pay of lady Deborah Dripping, produced anonymous paragraphs against her of your own composition, and got paid by her for not putting them into your paper.

Viper.

Viper. Where the devil could the fellow collect all this story?

O' Don. Now from here, I suppose, you will soon return home as a fugitive, and pay your old debts by a new act of parliament.

Viper. Well but, Mr. O'Flam——

O' Don. O' Donnovan, if you please. So you see, Doctor Viper, you are pretty well known; and all your friends and acquaintance shall soon know you as well as me in this town.

Viper. The devil! well, but, my dear friend, what can be the meaning of this? why should we two quarrel?

O' Don. Whose fault was it, Doctor, I pray?

Viper. Fault? nobody's fault: I was a little forgetful; that is all. What! we have been connected before; and why shou'dn't we now? ours is a natural alliance; we are poor dogs, and rich men are our game.

O' Don. For the matter of that, I have no objection to hunting in couples.

Viper. That is right. Come, let us in, and drown all animosity in a bottle of Burgundy.

O' Don. I will wait upon you at night; but I have a little bit of business at present.

Viper. Of what kind?

O' Don. To get a girl out of a convent, and restore her to her friends and relations.

Viper. A girl?

O' Don. Ay, the daughter of them there English within.

Viper. Is the girl handsome?

O' Don. I don't know that, but she's young.

Viper. That will go a good way. And fled from her friends?

O' Don. With a lover, they say.

Viper. Gad, a thought is just pop'd into my head, that, I fancy, will yield us both a good deal of profit.

O' Don. Of what kind?

Viper. I will inform you within. But where were you bound?

O' Don. To the convent.

Viper. Suspend your visit a while. Come with me; I must introduce you to a friend of mine in the house. But, I hope this greasy garb has not tainted your mind with any coyness or qualms.

O' Don. Not a bit; it is a convenient dress when one can't get any other: It suits well with the cold of a winter distress; but when the sun and summer of plenty returns, I shall shed my coat like a colt.

"When the devil was ill, the devil a monk would be;

"When the devil was well, the devil a monk was
he."

[*Exeunt.*

[*The*

[*The scenes at the Convent succeeded, as in the Trip to Calais; and the Act ended with no other variation than the following small alteration in Mrs. Clack's speech, p. 52. The Third Act was all new.*]

Clack. True, sister. But come; let us go to THE GOVERNOR, as the friar advised us; perhaps HE may put us in a way.

ACT

A C T III.

O'Donnovan, Sir Harry Hamper, and Viper, at a table with wine and glasses.

Viper.

WHAT, then, you know her, Sir Harry?
Sir H. From a child; and a sweet little rose-bud she was! by this time, she is in full bloom, no doubt.

Viper. You seem to express yourself with some ardor and warmth, as if you felt a fancy for this fine delicate flower.

Sir H. Pho, pho! what chance have I to get the possession?

Viper. I don't know that; a little contrivance, and the help of a friend, have brought more unlikely matters to bear.

Sir H. Why, Domine, if you would lend your assistance, there might be some hopes, I confess.

Viper. Of me, Sir Harry, you are always secure: But in my old friend here, you will find a more able assistant.

O'Don. You are pleased to compliment, dear Doctor Viper. Unless you are greatly fallen
 off,

off, for turning bachelors into husbands, husbands into cuckolds, and maids into mistresses; there was not a better practitioner within the bills of mortality.

Viper. My dear monk, a truce to your compliments.

O'Don. Oh, the devil a bit of a compliment!

Viper. Well, well, you are always too kind to your friends: But, upon this occasion, your knowledge of this country——

O'Don. That, indade——

Viper. And, above all, the virtues of that frock, will stand us in excellent stead.

O'Don. Why, to say truth, I know but little else it is good for.

Viper. Well, shall we have its assistance?

O'Don. You may say that.

Viper. If this scheme succeeds, knight, it will do you immortal honour in England; your intrigue at Paris was a fine preparation.

Sir H. Do you think that is generally known?

Viper. In the mouth of every mortal.

Sir H. Ay? that is lucky indeed! But how shall we bring this business about?

Viper. Nothing so easy. Flam is, you know, desired by the family, if they can't succeed themselves, to get the girl out of the convent.

Sir H. True.

Viper.

Viper. That design is a sufficient pretence for visiting the girl.

Sir H. Can't be a better.

Viper. As there is little probability that he should prevail with Miss to return to her father and mother, let him pretend to have had an interview with the young fellow her favourite, who lies concealed in the town.

Sir H. Well?

Viper. That, moved to compassion by their tender attachment, he is determined to lend his aid to accomplish his wishes.

O'Don. By this mains, a little spill will be gained from that quarter too [*aside*].—Has she the shiners, d'ye think?

Viper. I warrant she is not come here unprovided. That he is ready to conduct her where her lover lies hid, and lend his ministry to finish his business.

O'Don. I am but a lay-brother, you know.

Viper. Nor I neither: But, for all that, I wouldn't scruple to tack together twenty couple a-day.

Sir H. I don't doubt it.

O'Don. That, to be sure, is an answer.

Sir H. But how does all this concern me?

Viper. I was coming to that. When the monk has got possession of Miss, what prevents him

him from bringing the girl to my lodging? where, instead of her swain, she will be agreeably surprized to encounter Sir Harry.

Sir H. It is a very fine plot, to be sure: But, Domine, suppose the young thing should be skittish, and not quite approve of the change?

Viper. We must leave you to settle that business; but, from your dress and address——

O'Don. In trot, she must be more than woman, to refuse such a figure.

Viper. A few presents in hand, and vast promises upon returning to England——

Sir H. And you think she will comply?

O'Don. Oh, never fear; she will melt in a moment.

Viper. Besides, at worst, Flam and I shall be near you; and if a little compulsion should be required——

O'Don. Is it a rape that you mean? upon my shoul, Doctor Viper, you are after stepping before me a good deal in mischief.

Viper. A rape! no, no; nothing like it, dear Flam; only a little compulsion, to give the lady an apology for following her own inclinations. Hey, Sir Harry! what are your sentiments upon the occasion?

Sir H. Should like it of all things in the world! I am quite agog 'till I—How pretty

R

it

it will be, to see the poor thing pout, and snivel, and sob, and pat me, and cry I warrant, "Go, you naughty thing!"—But is not there some danger? won't their magistrates, their policy, as they call it here, take it amiss?

Viper. Oh, no; a gentleman here does whatever he pleases: Besides, it is but a step cross the Channel, and there, you know, we are safe.

Sir H. True, true.

Viper. And, upon second thoughts, let things turn out as they will, I think it will be right, at your time of life, to report it a rape; it will do your vivacity and vigour a good deal of credit.

Sir H. Will it?

Viper. To be sure. A rape, and upon a nun too, for so we must call her; it will shew a noble contempt for decency, religion, and virtue, and can't fail recommending you to all people of spirit.

Sir H. I should think so: How one improves by one's travels! Why, this would never have come into my head, had I stay'd in the city.

Viper. Oh, fy! never; that air is too foggy.

Sir H. I used to be a little factious now and then; but that! Lord, that's nothing at all!

Viper. Oh, no merit in that; the natural consequence of your food and your fuel.

Sir

Sir H. But you will take care to paragraph me well in the papers; for if it should not be known, why——

Viper. The main point will be lost. Never fear! in my old paper, I still keep a place open: That no time may be lost, I will send it to-night.

Sir H. I can't help laughing, to think how my old friends, in Portfoken and Dowgate, will stare when they comes to the article.

Viper. Ready to burst with envy, I warrant!— Well, O'Flam, you know your part; set off as soon as you please.

O'Don. Upon my shoul, Doctor Viper, there are a few scruples and qualms that begin to rise in my stomach.

Viper. Zounds, man, gulp 'em down then as fast as you can!

O'Don. Upon my conscience, they won't go; they stick still in my throat.

Viper. Hark'ee, Flam! Would not a little *aurum potable*, a small decoction of guineas, remove the obstruction?

O'Don. Why, to daal freely, Doctor, I look upon it there is some small danger in what we are about. Now, as to you two, you are but birds of passage, you know; and being well winged, can take your flight whenever you please.

Viper. Well?

O'Don. Now, as to myself, tho' I am at home here, yet for all that I am but a stranger; and being, besides, as bare as a board, it is but raasonable that Sir Harry should spare me some of his feathers, that may, in case of need, carry me out of gun-shot, you know.

Sir H. By all manner of means.

Viper. But how shall we manage it? The rules of your order are so very severe as to money! I believe I had better receive it; and, if you should want——

O'Don. No, no, Doctor; you are a good casuist, and have silenced most of my scruples: Besides, at confession tomorrow, it is but lumping in this with my other transgressions.

Viper. Sir Harry?

Sir H. Oh, by all manner of means; here!

Viper. Throw it into his cowl.

O'Don. No, no; I can concaal it very well in my sleeve.—He might have knocked against the other, perhaps; and that would not have been altogether so dacent.

Viper. Well, well; all obstacles being removed, dispatch, my dear Flam, as soon as you can.

O'Don. I sha'n't neglect them. I must go to vespers.—But, Doctor Viper, as you are a conscientious man, and one of the cloth, don't you think

think it would be right to have a few prayers put up, for certain persons, who have in agitation some important affairs?

Viper. Why, it mayn't be amiss.

O' Don. The community, you know, is always considered upon these occasions.

Viper. Oh, I dare say Sir Harry won't scruple.

Sir H. Not in the least. But, to say truth, the reverend father has drawn me dry for the present.

Viper. Oh, you may be soon supplied in the house. Come, I will advance: Here, here!

O' Don. And in passing by the trunk for the poor, if I was to drop in something handsome, you know it might draw down a blessing upon our design.

Sir H. Domine, give him the whole purse!

O' Don. I shall have great pleasure in serving so pious a man. Save you, gentlemen! [*Exit.*

Sir H. A shrewd sensible fellow this O'Flam, let me tell you.

Viper. Yes, yes; he knows what he's about.

Sir H. But, Domine, after the business is finish'd, how shall we dispose of the girl?

Viper. Restore her to her friends, and make it a merit.

Sir H. But if she should turn out coy, and complain of ill usage?

Viper.

Viper. We must impute it to spite, as by your means she is deprived of her lover.

Sir H. That, indeed—But will they believe it?

Viper. Believe it! Flam and I will swear to the fact.

Sir H. That indeed—But who have we here?

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin and Mrs. Clack.

Oh, Mrs. Clack! what success have you had?

Clack. Came away just as we went; the young jade whines about fasting and penance like a Methodist teacher, and talks of embracing poverty, as if she was a peer of the realm.

Min. She poverty? 'tis all a pretence! it is somebody else she wants to embrace.

Sir H. Why, Domine and I have been laying our noddles together.

Clack. Your worship is wonderfully kind!

Viper. Sir Harry has employed a priest here in this town; perhaps you have seen him?

Mrs. Min. D'ye mean his reverence with the long beard?

Viper. The same. The friar is just dispatch'd to the convent; and as the great point is to get the girl out of their clutches, he is to persuade her that she is to be conducted directly to Drugget.

Mrs. Min. But, instead of that, he is to bring her to us?

Viper.

Viper. No, no; that would be too abrupt! to Sir Harry Hamper; who, as a friend to the family, will teach her her duty, and what she owes to her friends.

Clack. That will be very kind in his honour.

Sir H. I shall spare no means, Mrs. Clack, to make her submit.

Mrs. Min. But I hope his honour won't push things to extremities; for you know, Matthew, she still is our child.

Min. Extremities! Sir Harry has undertaken a more difficult task than he is aware of: The young slut is so headstrong and fractious, that my old friend will find it out of his power, if she continues obstinate, to make her comply.

Sir H. Well, well; it is but trying, however.

Viper. You will take care to be in the house if we should want you. Come, Sir Harry, we must hie home, to wait for the monk.

[*Exeunt Sir Harry and Viper.*]

Clack. Come, good folks, who can tell but his honour may compass this job?

Min. I can't say I have any great expectations. My old friend, when he liv'd amongst us, was never over-famous for his powers of persuasion; and I can hardly think that age has improv'd his abilities.

[*Exeunt.*]

The

The Street.

Enter Dick Drugget.

Dick. It is impossible for me to quit this town; and leave my dearest Jenny behind me; there my heart's treasure lies hid, and there, spite of myself, I am carried by an irresistible impulse. To see her, I suppose, is impossible; and equally difficult to give or receive any intelligence. Hush! I must hide.—Hey! no, sure! yes; it is Jenny herself! but who the deuce can it be that conducts her?

Enter O' Donnovan and Jenny.

O' Don. The house is hard-by, at the other end of the town; and stands alone, between the inn and the snuff-shop.

Jenny. Your goodness, my dear father, to a poor unfortunate victim, I want words to acknowledge. Your self-denial and mortified state place you above the reach of any pecuniary——

O' Don. My sweet pretty cratur! in acts of charity, indade, to folks poorer than we are, if any such can be found, we are always plaas'd to convey any donations.

Jenny. I shall think myself happy to assist so pious a purpose [*feels for her purse*].—Bless me!

is

is not that my dear Dicky, who stands there at the corner?

O'Don. Dear Dicky! who the divil is he?

Jenny. The very youth to whom you were going to convey me.

O'Don. Pho, pho! how can that be? becaase why, I left him at home; and how can he be in two places at once? unless, indade, he had wings.

Jenny. His impatience, I suppose, made him follow you hither.

O'Don. Pox take his impatience! But I tell you, Miss, it can't be; becaase why, I never saw that parson before.

Jenny. But I have, and therefore can't doubt: I must run to him, father; for I know it is he.

O'Don. Is it? Then my best way is to run from him as fast as I can. [Exit.

Jenny. Dicky!

Dick. My dearest Jenny! this is an unexpected pleasure indeed. But who was that with you?

Jenny. The honest father you sent to conduct me.

Dick. Me? I have neither seen nor spoke to a soul.

Jenny. No!

S

Dick.

Dick. No. This is some plot of your parents, to get you into their clutches.

Fenny. Perhaps so. But where can we go? have you secur'd no retreat?

Dick. How could I, my love? as I hadn't the smallest hopes of—But here comes the priest again, and somebody with him; let us turn down this street, and avoid him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter O'Donnovan and Viper.

O'Don. There, there they go!

Viper. I see, I see. A fine girl, as I live! too nice a tid-bit for an apprentice, or my musty old knight: I'll try if I can't secure her myself.—O'Flam! you know Bet Bonnet, the milliner's girl, that lived with me in London?

O'Don. You may say that.

Viper. When I went with the knight, I left her in my lodgings in town; step to her this instant.

O'Don. Well?

Viper. Explain to her the business of Hammer, convey her to him as Minnikin's daughter; she knows well enough how to assume the airs of a novice.—But there is hardly time to instruct her. Ten to one, too, this blockhead will

will make some damn'd blunder or other.—
O'Flam!

O'Don. Well?

Viper. Upon second thoughts, you had best undertake this business yourself.

O'Don. What d'ye main?

Viper. Pass yourself on the knight as the party.

O'Don. What, me, for old Minnikin's daughter?

Viper. Ay.

O'Don. Oh, lave off! I shall be easily taken for a lovely lass, to be sure.

Viper. Why not? he must be in the dark, to execute his own intentions, you know.

O'Don. That is true. But how shall I hide my voice? he may see that, you know, without the help of a candle; besides, I am told I have a small twist in my tongue.

Viper. Oh, as to that, Hamper is no critic in dialects; besides, say little, and soften your tones as much as you can.

O'Don. But if he should turn out too familiar, what will I do then, Doctor Viper?

Viper. It will be easy enough to repel any violence from a man of his age. Besides, I will think of some expedient to bring you speedy relief.

O'Don. Well, well! upon my shoul, after all, there is a good daal of fun in the fancy.

Viper. You are to take him for Drugget, you know.

O'Don. No bad match for my linsy-woolfey.

Viper. Oh, a truce to your wit now, and dispatch, I beseech you.

O'Don. I go, I go. [Exit.

Viper. They are either housed, or must return back again; this is no thoroughfare. Oh, here they come.

Enter Dicky and Jenny.

I am glad I have met with you. Come, come! I hav'n't a moment to lose.

Jenny and Dicky. Sir!

Viper. That rascally priest is gone for the guard; you will have a file of musqueteers here in a minute.

Dicky. What have I done?

Viper. Done! don't you know, that to steal a girl from a convent in this country is a capital crime?

Dicky. Sir, as I hope for mercy, I am innocent!

Viper. Innocent! besides, a priest to accuse you! won't they find you together? is not that proof enough of your guilt? In a word, I know
your

your whole story; I pity, and am ready to serve you.

Jenny. Good Sir, what can we do?

Viper. You hav'n't a moment to lose: Run to the port, throw yourself into the first vessel you see, and make for England as fast as you can.

Dicky. And what must become of Miss Jenny?

Viper. Leave her to my care; I am well known in this town, and can conceal her with ease.

Jenny. But, Sir, how—who——

Viper. Oh, child, be under no apprehensions; my motive is solely compassion: Besides, my cloth is a sufficient security.

Dicky. Cloth? perhaps the gentleman is a clergyman——

Viper. Hush! that must not be known where we are.

Jenny. On that sacred character I can safely rely.

Viper. We lose time! a truce to your regrets, and your raptures; I will soon bring you together, I warrant. That way leads to the quay. Come, Miss; it is but a step to my house.

Jenny. This wonderful escape I owe to your goodness.

Viper. I could do no less, as a Christian. [*Exe.*
A Chamber,

A Chamber, darkened.

Sir Harry Hamper alone.

Sir H. Miss will soon be here, I suppose. Well, after all, for improving the mind, and removing foolish prejudices, there is no country like France: No wonder our young folks of fashion turn out such fine fellows, ecod!—Here she is, I believe. No.—A lad who comes over here at nineteen or twenty, may well pick up all the pretty accomplishments, when I, at seventy, in less than three months, have learnt to game, whore, despise my own country, laugh at religion, and, as far as inclination will go, am ripe and ready for any frolic or fun. Well said, old Harry! After all this, my young mistress in London can't refuse me, I think; the devil's in her, if I hav'n't done enough to convince her that I have scowered off all the sneaking sniveling cit, and am as profligate as if I had been born a—Hush! the door opens.

Enter O'Donnovan.

O'Don. Sir Harry!

Sir H. Well?

O'Don. Are you sure you are there?

Sir H. Without doubt.

O'Don.

O' Don. And alone?

Sir H. Yes.

O' Don. And no light?

Sir H. Don't you see?

O' Don. I didn't know but you might have a candle concaaled.

Sir H. Where? in my pocket?

O' Don. Come, Miss, you may enter. [*Exit.*

Jenny [*within*]. Hands off, you rude ruffian!

Sir H. What the deuce noise are they making?

Jenny. What, are they all dead in the house? no creature to lend me assistance?

Sir H. What can this mean?

Jenny. Or have you all conspired to betray me? For Heaven's sake, some Christian body——

Mrs. Min. [*within.*] It is my daughter's voice. Here, house!

Min. [*within.*] Zounds, break down the door!

Mrs. Min. Which room are they in?

Min. The noise came from this.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Minnikin, Mrs. Clack, Colonel, O' Donovan, and Codling.

Min. Have you seen any thing of my daughter, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Your daughter!

Jenny. Unhand me! This door too is locked. What, will no mortal come to me?

Mrs.

Mrs. Min. There she is.

Min. Let me come! [*Breaks open the door.*]

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. Protect me, save me——

Mrs. Min. It is her. Look up, Jenny! don't you know us, my child?

Jenny. My mother? Oh, Madam!

Mrs. Min. Recover your fright; you are now out of danger. What has been the matter, my love?

Jenny. The greatest villain, the greatest monster!

Min. Who? what?

Jenny. First got me into his power, by the pretended sanctity of his character——

Min. Well?

Jenny. Finding his delusive offers rejected, proceeded to violence, when my cries brought you to my aid.

Min. This is some *parle vous* rascal! they don't mind a rape or a robbery here.

Mrs. Min. Not they; Lord send us safe to Old England, say I!

Min. Come out here! let us have a peep at your muns, Mounseer; if you please. [*Pulls out Viper.*] Hey! who the devil——Why, this is Sir Harry's Domine Viper!

Omnes. Sure enough!

Min.

Min. His tuterer, as sure as a gun! But who the deuce is he, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Heaven knows! I pick'd him up here in this town.

Mrs. Min. Some vagaboning feller, I warrant.

Min. The rascal won't make a reply. Come, friend! who and what are you?

Viper. What right have you to enquire?

Min. Your villainous attack on my daughter gives me a right; and before we part I will know.

Viper. Will you? Then ask it of those that will tell you.

Min. What, can nobody——

Clack. Perhaps his reverence here may; for he seems to know most of the folks in the town.

O'Don. Me? I know nobody out of the convent.—I belaave I had better shaar off; for perhaps by-and-bye they may take it into their heads to make some enquiries after me of myself; and, for the present, it will be more convanient to drop the acquaintance. [Exit.

Min. But, what the deuce, can nobody give us an account who he is? Where's landlord?

Colonel. You seem all strangers to this honest gentleman.

Min. Oh, this perhaps is somebody who belongs to the town. Why, Sir, if you could give us some information——

T

Colonel.

Colonel. Nay, I can't boast the honour of his acquaintance, nor, from the account of his countrymen, should I be very ambitious to make it.

Min. Ay, like enough; and pray, Sir, who—

Colonel. The various particulars of his history would be rather too tedious at present: thus far I may venture to say; his residence here is not a mere matter of choice.

Viper. Is the preferring the genial climate of France, to the fogs of your favourite isle, any great matter of wonder? In short, I like neither your country nor people.

Colonel. For which you have doubtless very good reasons: But believe this as a truth, Master Viper; no man ever yet deserted his country, unless he had been first by his country deserted.

Viper. You are very partial, Colonel (for I know you), considering England as a spot to which you can never lay any claim.

Colonel. Why not?

Viper. Wasn't your father a rebel?

Colonel. True.

Viper. And are not you an officer in the service of France?

Colonel. I was; but my present royal master, above the narrow prejudice of punishing the principles of parents in their unfortunate offspring,

spring, has accepted my service, and restored my family to the rights of their country.

Clack. Well said!

Sir H. Ay, and well done too! to reclaim by clemency, is the noblest victory a monarch can gain over his subjects.

Min. But what can we do with this fellow? is there no method of punishing such a——

Colonel. Let him alone; a gentleman of his particular turn can't long escape the prying eyes of the police in this town; and I promise you they shan't want a key to his character.

Sir H. But, Colonel, I begin to suspect that I too have been bit by this Viper; couldn't I stop him, just to make him account for——

Viper. Stop me? you had best take care of yourself: You forget a few obligations of yours I have in my pocket; which, as I find you are quitting this country, I shall endeavour to get better secured. [Exit.

Sir H. Now there is a rascal!

Colonel. How came you to place any confidence in a man without the smallest recommendation?

Sir H. Lord, who could suppose that a countryman would impose upon——

Colonel. Your countrymen? the very last

people, unless they are well known, you should trust or cherish in France.

Sir H. And why so?

Colonel. The necessity they lie under of shifting their quarters, is, with but too many of them, their only reason for crossing the Channel.

Min. Indeed?

Colonel. And I will venture to say, without the concurrence of some of these gentry, no considerable fraud has ever been committed upon our young giddy travellers in this part of the world.

Codl. Vast curus indeed! that shall go into my journal. "Observation: The French who rob and cheat the British subjects in Paris, are all of them English."

Mrs. Min. Ay, ay; all birds of a feather. Let us go home and leave them, as fast as we can. Well, Jenny, I hope there is an end of all thy vagaries: Thee see'st what premunirers thy wilfulness had near brought us into.

Clack. Nay, sister, don't press the girl for the present: Let Mr. Codling continue his courtship; and in time, I warrant, the girl will comply.

Codl. Why, father-in-law that was to have been,

been, it seems to me, and to say truth, from the samples I have had, before I settles I should like to see a little more of the world.

Min. Nay, Master Codling, you may do as you list; nobody wants to compel you.

Mrs. Min. For the matter of that, if Dick Drugget's friends are inclined, they are well to pass in the world; and who can tell, in the end, but one match may be as good as the other?

Codl. Why, as they are so vast fond of each other, I think it is the best step you can take. For my part, I have made up my mind: I'll part with my shop, voyage round the world for the rest of my life, and, like other great travellers, communicate my observations, for the good of my country.

F I N I S.



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(Containing TWO ORIGINAL SCENES, not
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Foote, Samuel

The Trip to Calais and the Capuchin

London 1778

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